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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government has postponed the operation of the Education Bill for two years, which means that the schools are not yet ready for the pupils. Surely a little common sense would have foreseen this difficulty. For this latest muddle Sir Charles Trevelyan happens to be responsible.

The *Daily Herald*, which has the unhappy job of defending these incompetent Ministers day after day—the growing of Soviet convict wheat can be nothing to the business of whitewashing a Labour Cabinet once a day—remarks that the best way to avoid these difficulties is for the voters to give the Labour Government more power next time. In ordinary circumstances the

argument would be perfectly valid, but nobody can watch this Government closely without realizing that what it wants is not so much more power but more political sense.

Mr. Baldwin's speech this week was a more definite announcement of policy than he is accustomed to give, and was consequently well received. The principle of the emergency tariff, first put forward by Mr. Neville Chamberlain two months ago, is excellent, and will be endorsed by the party as the first step towards the larger policy which is in contemplation.

But I am bound to add that while nobody doubts Mr. Baldwin's good intentions, the doubts of his capacity to carry them into effect remain; and these have certainly not been diminished by his reiterated declaration of faith in the Old Gang. This will not do at all.



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Of course, if Mr. Baldwin assures us that when he speaks of the Old Gang he simply means Lord Hailsham and Sir Austen Chamberlain, who are universally respected, no Tory dog will bark. But I have heard growls about other members of the so-called Shadow Cabinet, which it needed some sharpness of hearing to distinguish from curses. There were, after all, some conspicuous deadheads in the late Government, and any suggestion that they were to be recalled from their pursuits in the City or the country would be hotly resented.

The question, then, is not of principle but of personnel, and on that Mr. Baldwin ought frankly to imitate Mr. Gladstone—"steel your heart, and play the butcher." Unluckily everybody agrees that he is too kind-hearted to do any such thing; and this, combined with his own procrastination in carrying policy into practice, has naturally revived the talk of change of leadership.

On this delicate matter, every group within the party has its own choice; but I cannot help observing that in every case the second preference goes to Lord Hailsham, and that there is an increasing tendency to accept the view that he would be better fitted for the post than any other Richmond in the field.

The objection that he is in the House of Lords is not taken seriously, since there is an increasing tendency in every party to admit that a Prime Minister should be freed from the intolerable burden of the House of Commons. A more important factor in the case is that Lord Hailsham is the only member of the late administration whose reputation has definitely increased in opposition. If these various streams of opinion were to unite they would be irresistible.

Mr. Lloyd George's protest last week against dumping, which sounded quite genuine, has now been so whittled away by Sir Donald McLean that, like the pig in the Chicago stockyards, only the squeak remains. Under the latest doctrine it almost seems that the more one buys sweated goods from outside the more prosperous the country should be; and that the best cure for dumping, as for drink, is a hair of the dog that bit you. Too good to be true.

The Round Table Conference has been all at sixes and sevens this week; and some of the delegates, who had been complaining of the coldness of our climate, appear to have made good the defect by hot words. The discussions are likely to prove longer and more difficult than was at first anticipated.

Meanwhile, it is reported on good authority that the Burmese delegates are not particularly happy at their treatment by the other members of the Conference; and there is manifestly a minor problem inside the major problem for ventilation and discussion. The Burmese, in fact, are here not to debate federation with India, but separation from India; and their demand is that Burma also be given Dominion Status within the Empire.

The Burmese connexion with the Indian administration is an historical accident of forty odd years ago, and the relations between the two countries

have not always been of the happiest—if only for the reason that Burma says that she contributes far more to the Indian revenues than she receives in service. Economically her problems are different from those of India, and in the political and religious sphere she appears to be lucky in having virtually no problems at all.

There is no question, of course, of Burmese separation from the British Empire; merely of the dissolution of an administrative tie, of which there are several examples in our history overseas. There may be valid and sufficient reasons against the reform, but the Burmese are entitled to have their case heard.

The mural tablet to Lord Curzon, in Westminster Abbey, which was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury on Wednesday, is fittingly placed a yard or two away from the similar memorial to his contemporary and fellow-Imperialist Milner. The Archbishop is reported to be responsible for the inscription, and it is not for me to criticize His Grace's Latinity; but the statesman's head in profile is a failure.

No doubt the sculptor has done his best, but nobody who knew Curzon in life would recognize him in stone. I hope the artist has better success in the more ambitious statue which is to be erected near Carlton House Terrace next year, or Curzon will turn in his grave.

There is now very little room either in the overcrowded Abbey or Henry the Seventh's Chapel for further memorials—I chanced upon James Watt parked in a side chapel, with his back to the main aisle, from which he appears to have been ejected, presumably for obstruction—and the time is coming when something will have to be done about it. Would it be an act of vandalism to take down some of the older memorials to nonentities of whom nothing but the name remains? I think not.

England may be down on her luck at the moment, but these things have happened before, and we have always got over them. I am enough of an optimistic to regard this country as being at the beginning of her history instead of the end; and since we are not likely to build another Westminster Abbey, we shall have to make room in the existing building for future celebrities.

Mr. Snowden's decision to provide a State grant for opera will no doubt please Mr. Clynes, who has a passion for music-drama; and, even more important, it will probably win Mrs. Snowden's approval, since she is officially concerned to improve the B.B.C. programmes. Far be it from me to suggest that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should offend either his colleague or his wife, especially when they are on the side of the angels; but it does seem a little odd to see a bankrupt Treasury subsidizing a bankrupt trade.

Grand opera never has paid, and I take it never will; even in Germany they have to vote State and municipal grants to keep it going. In this country the ordinary philistine, rightly or wrongly, regards it as the luxury of the rich; and I shall be interested to see whether Mr. Snowden insists that Chelsea has cheaper seats at Covent Garden in return for his bounty.

The railway companies have, I understand, a scheme in contemplation for reducing the salaries of all officers in receipt of over £350 a year who are not affected by the reductions formulated a fortnight ago. The ostensible reason for not dealing with the higher-paid officers at the same time as the rank and file is that they are outside the "Conciliation Grades," whose conditions of service are governed by national agreements. Does "officers" include Directors?

Since the companies have had over six months in which to work out their proposals, this excuse for delay seems a trifle thin. But public opinion will be gratified by the knowledge that it is not intended to exempt from sacrifice those members of the railway service best able to bear it.

Lord Derby's complaint that fewer men go into politics now than when he was young is, I think, just; at least so far as the upper and middle class are concerned. In the lower class I should have thought the position was just the reverse, and the reason is obvious.

Without talking any nonsense about class-consciousness, politics may easily afford more opportunity of rising in life to the ambitious working-lad than the factory, and the way in which the Labour Party has had to angle for recruits from other quarters shows that this particular avenue is still not overcrowded. With the middle-class lad, on the other hand, the position is reversed. The Liberals have nothing to offer him, and the Tories never think a man has brains unless he has money.

But there is, I fancy, a deeper reason for this reluctance, and Mr. Justice McCardie touched it in some remarks he made on perjury last week. The language of politics has become depreciated, and people no longer believe the politicians and their promises and pledges, or have any faith in their being carried out.

It was astonishing to see a leader-writer in the *News-Chronicle* disputing this elementary proposition. Has he forgotten that a member of the present Government promised to cure unemployment in three weeks? Has he heard that at a by-election now going on, the planting of a million people on the land in a year is being talked of as a feasible agricultural policy? When this sort of nonsense is talked in public, even those who are not Pharisees may prefer to pass by on the other side.

The reduction in price of the *Daily Telegraph* to one penny is something of an event in the newspaper—and even the larger—world. Even with falling costs and rising circulation I should have thought the sheer bulk of the *Daily Telegraph* would have made the change impossible; but faith has moved the mountain, and some of the more showy and sensational papers may feel a little apprehensive whether the more solid goods may not prove more attractive than some of the flashy stuff that has been in evidence of late.

I am emphatically in favour of preserving, wherever possible, the nobler houses of England, even though it be necessary to put them sometimes to different uses. But when I hear that Lansdowne House is to be preserved, but that

the front garden is to have a luxury hotel built on it, and the back is to contain a theatre, while the house itself is to be heightened by the erection of another story which is bound to ruin its proportions, I cannot help asking myself whether it would not have been better to pull the whole thing down and have done with it. This melancholy end will ruin, not crown, the work.

The Spanish strikes are over, but the political situation in the Peninsula remains confused. General Berenguer is credited with the intention of forming a party of his own, failing his election to the leadership of the Conservatives, and of attempting to secure a majority in the new Cortes. Certainly he is, apart from the King, the one man who knows his own mind, and the Government of the day can always secure a majority in Spain, but it is difficult to see what he could do when he had got it.

The politicians of all parties, Right as well as Left, are clearly hopeless, and there can be little doubt that another dictatorship would suit the country best. The tragedy is that Spain has not got a Mussolini, and soldiers are regarded with distrust by educated opinion. Nevertheless, probably the best thing General Berenguer could do would be to get a vote of confidence from the Cortes, then send it about its business, and govern the country himself for ten years.

The Indian Viceroyalty is still an open event, and almost every politician out of a job has his loyal friends and backers. But with the Round Table Conference in its early stages, and looking at the moment as though it would last for ever, the Government have some excuse for procrastination, and no appointment is likely to be announced for some time.

Whoever is to succeed Lord Irwin, however, I take it that it will not be Lord Gorell, and that for the sake of his own reputation as much as for any other reason. His gifts, great as they are, would not serve him in good stead as Viceroy. Lord Irwin has, perhaps, been too ready to listen to the advice of others, but it would be a mistake for his successor to go to the other extreme.

Perhaps as the result of the comparison with his latest successor at the Foreign Office, Canning seems to be coming into his own. Next month, I understand, the centenary of the death of Bolivar is to be made the occasion for placing a wreath upon his statue at Westminster and in April M. Venizelos is to inaugurate a new statue in Athens, while it is said that another is shortly to be erected in Buenos Aires. There can, I imagine, be no other British statesman who is commemorated in this way both in Europe and America.

The debate in the Chamber on the foreign policy of the French Government was particularly interesting. Of course, both M. Tardieu and M. Briand scouted any idea of a modification of the Peace Treaties, and there was the usual reference to them as part of the public law of Europe, but reading between the lines it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Quai d'Orsay is slowly coming round to the view that the *status quo* cannot last much longer.

THE DISARMAMENT FARCE

TWELVE years have passed since the termination of the war that was to end war, and it is no exaggeration to say that save in this country the preparations for another conflict are everywhere proceeding apace. In these circumstances we make no excuse for reverting once more to the question of disarmament, and we have equally no hesitation in describing the present situation as farcical. A month ago Signor Mussolini dealt with the subject in a speech which was in reality an eloquent plea for peace, although it was severely criticized in many quarters, but its accuracy was not seriously questioned even by those most hostile to Italy. Since then the interminable discussions at Geneva have dragged their weary course, and the main principle has been forgotten in a mass of technicalities. Such phrases as "budgetary control," "limitation of effectives," and the like have been, and are being, bandied about until their coiners believe that there is something mystical in the very words themselves. Indeed, the one thing that might be effective, a realization of the facts of international politics as they exist at the present time, is never taken into consideration. *Vox, et præterea nihil* might well be adopted by the Preparatory Disarmament Commission as its motto.

Meanwhile armaments are being piled up apace by the Powers, large and small alike. The prospect of an extended naval holiday between Italy and France is becoming more remote, and there are already rumours of new ships to be laid down. The German Government seems set upon the construction of a fleet of "pocket" battleships, and it is becoming increasingly obvious that if her neighbours continue to refuse to disarm on land Germany will ere long demand to be freed from the shackles imposed by the Treaty of Versailles in respect of her military forces. The same tendency is to be observed in the smaller States. Spain is clearly determined to strengthen at all costs her position as the fourth naval Power in Europe; Yugo-Slavia is understood to have made arrangements for the purchase of munitions on a large scale; while even Portugal has recently decided to spend a sum of twelve millions sterling on the modernization of her fleet. Such instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely, and, although the actual statistics are almost impossible to obtain, we see no reason to question the statement which is so often made that, although Germany is disarmed and the Austro-Hungarian Empire has ceased to exist, there are more armed men in Europe to-day than there were on the eve of the late war.

Does all this mean, then, as the pessimists would have us believe, that a reduction of armaments is impossible, and that the world is inevitably committed to another outbreak of hostilities upon an extended scale in the near future? For our part we prefer for the present to be optimistic, but only so long as there is any ground for hope that the statesmen of Europe can be persuaded to look facts in the face. Armaments, in short, are the outward sign of the secret fear that every nation to-day has of its neighbours, and there can be no real progress in the matter of disarmament until that fear has been removed. It is useless for a physician to attempt to cure a patient who is suffering from an

internal ulcer by treating him for skin disease, but that is what the Preparatory Disarmament Commission is doing at the present time. Only one serious effort has been made to eliminate the causes of the new armament race by inducing a feeling of security, and that was the action of Sir Austen Chamberlain in bringing about the Pact of Locarno. Yet, hardly was the ink dry upon that document when France, though guaranteed against any possible aggression, began to build up a new system of alliances in the sacred name of security, and the danger-zones of Europe were transferred from the Rhine and the Meuse to the Vistula and the Danube.

At the moment there can be little doubt that the French demand for security, the growing desire in many quarters for a modification of the Peace Treaties, and the relations of France with Italy are the chief stumbling-blocks in the path of any effective measure of disarmament. It is not easy to discover what Paris means by security. A country that three times within a century has seen its territory invaded by foreign armies is naturally, and quite rightly, inclined to believe that God is on the side of the big battalions, but France is surely strong enough to-day to regard the matter calmly. The Treaty of Versailles restored Alsace and Lorraine; the Locarno Pact made her secure of foreign help in her hour of need; and the money she has spent on fortifications along her frontiers has rendered the latter invulnerable. In short, France already enjoys the security which, her statesmen tell us, must take priority of any measure of disarmament. The only weakness of France lies in the chain of alliances with the smaller Powers in Central and Eastern Europe which she has forged, and for that she cannot, in all fairness, lay the blame on others.

In the matter of a modification of the Peace Treaties we have already expressed our views at length. We believe that in the near future revision will prove inevitable, and that the earlier this is done the less far-reaching will the amendment have to be. If the victors in the late war constitute themselves into a new Holy Alliance, opposed to all change, it will meet with the fate of its prototype. The Franco-Italian problem, too, is admittedly at first sight difficult of solution, and not least because it is to some extent the result of a clash between strongly opposed national temperaments and political systems. On the other hand, the actual points at issue—the frontiers of Libya and the status of Italians in Tunis—are not in themselves of the first magnitude, and with a little good-will on both sides could easily be settled. There is, of course, also the question of Italian colonial ambitions, but they, too, are more precise than is commonly supposed, and could be satisfied without a great deal of difficulty.

In short, if the statesmen of Europe would only themselves see the wood as well as the trees they would soon find a way out of this particular trouble. The problem of disarmament is one of approach. To try, as is being done at present, to limit armaments by concentrating on figures of tonnage and the range of howitzers is to begin at the wrong end, and so to make failure inevitable. Unless there is the will to disarm, the fact is out of the question. If the problems that are causing insecurity and fear were once solved, disarmament would follow as a matter of course.

ANOTHER BRITANNIC FAILURE

BY RICHARD JEBB

IN a series of articles some months ago the present writer argued:

If we regard the object of the Imperial Conference as the closer union of the Empire, we have to admit that, since the war, the institution has been a failure. On the one hand it has registered no definite move of real importance towards closer co-operation in any field. On the other hand it has devoted much of its time, quite successfully . . . to the task of reducing the Empire to a group of independent States, assimilating their mutual relations as far as possible to those which subsist between foreign countries. It may be suggested, no doubt, that this process has only been a necessary—or, at least, useful—clearing of the ground, preliminary to a real start in evolving effective means of co-operation. If so, the ground is now entirely cleared. Unless something constructive is achieved at the coming session, the Imperial Conference may as well be written off.”—(SATURDAY REVIEW, July 19, 1930.)

Has anything constructive been achieved? Apparently not. What positive results can be discerned are only evidences of failure to agree. The postponement of Preference to a special meeting at Ottawa next year means nothing for practical purposes unless in the meantime we get a new Government here with both the will and the authority to tax foreign food. In fact, it was really only to give us a chance of making the enabling change that Mr. Bennett moved “the adjournment of the Economic Section of this Conference to Ottawa to meet upon a date within the next twelve months to be agreed upon.” No Dominion statesman had any faith in the “quota.”

In a later article (October 4) a warning was given against the popular assumption, which had been manifested throughout the Press, that “this Imperial Conference will devote most of its limited time to those economic questions which have become so urgent.” It was pointed out that the Free State and South Africa were coming with the clear intention of forcing political issues to the front and keeping them there. That is what actually occurred. As New Zealand’s Prime Minister, Mr. Forbes, said at the conclusion:

We have met at a time of very great depression . . . when the economic position is most difficult throughout the world. We found, however, as we proceeded to deal with the constitutional work that so much time was occupied in detail that there was very little time left, or not sufficient time left, for the economic work.

But in any case Mr. Snowden could not have failed to sterilize the economic side. So long as there was no hope of enlarging the market in Britain, it would have been useless to discuss migration and settlement which depends on markets. Foreign policy and defence, which ultimately reflect trade policy, were likewise put out of court, except for the forced compromise on Singapore.

As to the various constitutional questions, which converge in the demand endorsed by the legislatures at Capetown and Dublin for the “right to secede,” time is required to study the final report. We saw before that the ultimate question at issue is whether the Dominions of His Britannic Majesty are still to be internationally regarded as an undivided realm, or henceforth as an example of multiple monarchy, which means sovereign independence all round, the same relation as between foreign States. The previous Imperial Conference, being divided on this supreme issue, had in effect decided that each part had better go its own way. If in the past few weeks much time and toil has been expended in “dotting the i’s and crossing the t’s” of the previous reports, we shall probably find that it only signifies a further stage in the same policy of “go as you please.”

There can be no co-operation without co-operative organs of some kind; and the Imperial Conference has

never yet provided itself with any organs except the Imperial War Grants Commission. In this respect the painful contrast between it and the League of Nations—which has always aspired to supersede it—remains as before, after further proof of what this deficiency means in practice. Had the Imperial Conference been a live institution, equipped with a permanent secretariat representing all the member States, these officials would have been studying for months in advance the various matters which the Governments intended to bring forward, and preparing memoranda for them. It is clear, for example, that most of the work actually done during the Conference by Mr. Graham’s economic committee was really of a preliminary nature, collecting the figures and expert opinions which Ministers have to study before coming to decisions. The same might be said of the Sankey Committee, which dealt with the constitutional matters. In default of such elementary organization and preparation we have again had the spectacle of feverish rush, with its overstraining of minds, fraying of nerves, and in the end next to nothing done.

Nor is there yet any prospect of the Conference getting its own permanent machinery, of which the need has been demonstrated by every session since it began. The only sign that the necessity of more preparation is recognized may be found in the proposal that the Imperial Economic Committee should be authorized to extend the scope of its enquiries. But this committee does not belong to the Conference. Whatever it may be asked by the Conference to do, its activities depend wholly on the British Government, which alone finds the money for it. In practice, therefore, it is controlled by our own Treasury, a department which has never shown much sympathy towards Empire development on modern lines. The allied proposal, that the British taxpayer should augment the “assured income” he already provides for the British Marketing Board, similarly violates the much-advertised idea of “equal status.” To the further suggestion that this Board should extend into the Dominions its propaganda for the purchase of Empire goods, we find Mr. Hertzog dissenting on the very proper ground that the British taxpayer should be allowed to spend his own money in his own way. National independence taking this form is the brighter side of the “right to secede.” But in justice to the other Dominions we have to remember that the Imperial Economic Committee, of which the Empire Marketing Board is an offshoot, was endowed by Mr. Baldwin with a vote of £1,000,000 a year by way of compensating the Dominions for non-fulfilment of the Preferences which his Government had promised at the Conference of 1923. From their point of view, no doubt, the compensation has never been adequate for the one-sided Preferences they have so long given to us.

Hot from the failure of the Conference Mr. Ramsay MacDonald protested at a public meeting that Mr. Baldwin, had he been in power, could have done no more than himself to give the Dominions tariff Preference, since the Conservative leader had been equally pledged against taxation of food. That is quite true. Indeed, as a choice of evils it may really be better to have had nothing done at all than to have had more of the “compensations” which a Conservative Government might have offered on the unsound principle of the Empire Marketing Board. But the most depressing aspect of the situation is that no one of the three existing parties offers any real hope of reforming our fiscal system on the lines required. The Conservative Party has already had two chances of making good its professed belief in reciprocal Preference. The first was in 1902, when its only action was to repeal the existing wheat duty: the second in 1923, when it entered the Conference pledged in advance not to impose food duties. Even now, after all Mr. Baldwin’s contortions under pressure, he has not toed the line of “food taxes at the next election”; and at Shipley his successful

candidate definitely renewed the old pledge. If the Conservatives come back next year, probably half of them would be likewise pledged, and the new Government would still have no "free hand" for the Ottawa Conference. Unless the existing parties with their damning antecedents and hopeless commitments can be broken up, so as to give the real will of the country a chance to assert itself, the drift to dissolution of the Empire can only continue.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PARLIAMENT ACT

BY THE HON. QUINTIN HOGG

OF the Parliament which passed the Parliament Act there was probably hardly a single member who either thought that it would last or desired that it should do so. The Conservatives openly vowed vengeance: the preamble to the Act itself declares from the Statute Roll the intention of the Liberals to "substitute for the House of Lords . . . a second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of a hereditary basis."

Nevertheless the Act is still law: for nineteen years it has defied time and the constitution-mongers alike: now it is nearing its twentieth birthday, and there is a growing number of people who are prepared to wish it many happy returns.

The nineteen years which have passed have seen many schemes involving many varied principles proposed. All have failed: but if attempts at reform have proved abortive, the discussion to which they have given rise has served at least to crystallize the broad outlines of the situation. Certain facts have been established which either are or ought to be universally admitted to-day.

The first is that any attempt to constitute a popular second Chamber of the kind suggested in the preamble is, and must always remain, either futile or calamitous;—futile when the members of the second Chamber are of the same complexion as the Government commanding the support of the House of Commons—calamitous if they are not. There is no reason whatever why one popularly constituted assembly should give way to another: if such a scheme as this were adopted we should be leaving the genius of the British Constitution far behind, and heading for deadlock and civil war.

But if this is true a second conclusion follows—an attempt to restore or otherwise to increase the power of the House of Lords is nothing but political suicide in the party that makes it. If such an attempt were by some chance successful for the moment, the resulting second Chamber would still be so unable to command any popular respect as to be quite incompetent ever to exercise its powers effectively: and these powers would quickly disappear before the weight of popular feeling. The only proposal in this direction which need even be considered is the proposal to confer on the House of Lords a power to demand a referendum. Whether this would work ideally it is immaterial to discuss: it is sufficient to reply that this is a difficult and dangerous innovation which no party would be willing at present to adopt.

On the other hand, there are two facts which argue strongly for reform: the first is the undoubted and growing distrust—even contempt—which is popularly felt for the House of Lords as now constituted. It is sometimes said that the hereditary principle is alone responsible for this: rather it is the unrestricted operation of that principle, resulting in the existence of Lords of Parliament whose private lives have caused a scandal, and of the Backwoodsmen—that body of peers sometimes said to amount to six-sevenths of the whole, which either never attends the deliberations of the House, or else attends only to vote in its private interest. To meet these abuses, different schemes have

been proposed varying from the total abolition of the hereditary principle to the election of representative hereditary peers in the Scottish fashion. None of these plans has been adopted: but the arguments for their adoption remain unanswered.

The second fact arguing for reform is possibly a result of the first. Thirty years ago a peer might still be Prime Minister: presumably because the House of Lords still commanded some respect. The Parliament Act, and the controversies which gave rise to it, have taken that respect away, and to-day there exists a convention of the Constitution, whether strongly or weakly established, which directs that the Prime Minister should be a member of the House of Commons.

In the circumstances this convention is no more than logical, but that only makes it the more imperative that the circumstances should be altered. What doubt can there be but that it is in the nation's interest that the ablest statesman in each party should lead? What honest opposition therefore could there be to a proposal which, while satisfying the convention, enacted that the Prime Minister, if a peer, might still speak before the Commons, whether as an elected member of that body or simply as a privilege attaching to members of the House of Lords who held the office? Surely this should be done independently of any other reforms in the Upper Chamber. There were signs at the recent Caxton Hall meeting that the Conservative Party had good reason to regret that such a measure was not already law.

So far we have discussed the undoubted position to-day. What conclusions in general are we to draw?

It is impossible to ignore the fact that many members of the Conservative Party are arguing for the retention of the present law. It was the prevalence of this view which secured the rejection of Lord Cave's proposals in the last Parliament.

The view has at any rate the merit of simplicity. Reform, it is argued, is impossible, and reform is unnecessary; the present House of Lords is a sufficient safeguard of the Constitution.

"Reform is impossible." That we shall consider, but at least those who tell us that it is unnecessary are the victims of a painful delusion. It is not that the peers have insufficient power. It is that they dare not use the powers they have. The history of the present Government—a minority Government, be it noted—is one long tale of enactments popular neither with peers nor people, which the peers have not dared reject for fear of provoking a "Peers v. People" Election. Their fears are well grounded; some day they will use their powers and that will be the end. The House of Lords must either be reformed by its friends or it will be abolished by its enemies.

"How is the power of creating new peers to be limited, or unlimited? If it is unlimited, it will become the practice to swamp the House; if it is limited then the one constitutional safeguard of the House of Commons is removed."

But there is an answer to the dilemma: in fact there are two. One is to be found in a study of the Constitutions of South Africa, and of the Australian Commonwealth. The Government's powers of appointment are limited, but there is a statutory "deadlock" involving a special procedure. Either, we might suggest, a joint sitting, or else a dissolution—these might well be made alternatives and the Government given the right to choose between them on each occasion. In either event if the result were unfavourable to the Upper House it must submit.

The second answer is that with such safeguards of its rights an appointed Upper House would still not dare abuse its privileges: it would be abolished if it did.

It is true that such an experiment might fail, but at least its adoption could do little harm, and it is for Conservatives to adopt it if they would save from an otherwise certain fate a great and historic institution.

THE FEDERATION OF INDIA

[FROM A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT]

THE Simon Report and the Government of India's Despatch are now both alike out of date owing to the Federation of India becoming a matter of practical importance. The Princes have, indeed, accepted the principle of Federation—the possibility of which had not been even visualized six months ago. It is impossible to exaggerate the profound effect of this development—although it may be equally easy to exaggerate its immediate concrete results.

It is important at the outset to understand why the Princes who in the past have always remained aloof from British Indian affairs should suddenly express an eagerness for federation. As was pointed out in the SATURDAY REVIEW in July, the Princes have for a century resented what they regarded as the encroachment of the Paramount Power upon their autonomy. So long as the policy of isolation continued, and one State was not allowed to have relations with another, those feelings of resentment in many individual States were not able to merge into a common protest. The creation of the Chamber of Princes in 1920 afforded a rallying ground, and ultimately a demand was put forward for an impartial enquiry into the relative rights of the States and the Paramount Power. In 1928 the Indian States Committee was appointed under the chairmanship of Sir Harcourt Butler, some time Political Secretary to the Government of India, and the Princes interpreted its report as meaning that the only limit which can be put upon the rights of the Paramount Power are those it may from time to time apply to its own conduct. On the opinion of eminent English counsel they believe that the rights of the Paramount Power are really rather narrowly limited, and they are alarmed and indignant at a finding which seems to make their position depend on the caprice of the Paramount Power, or, in other words, of the Political Department of the Government of India.

Two other considerations weigh with the Princes. They realize that however strong they may be at present, their position is being steadily and inevitably undermined by the torrent of political agitation in British territory all round their States. They know that you can no more isolate political ideas by a political frontier than you can isolate infectious diseases. In the second place, they fear that British Indian politicians will pursue an aggressive policy towards the States when they obtain political power in British India. Faced, then, with the present policy of encroachment by a bureaucratic Government of India, troubled by democratic agitation and the danger of the agitators acquiring a real power for mischief, the Princes have decided that the boldest policy is the wisest: since neutrality does not preserve them from being affected by the struggle, they must claim a share in ruling India.

From the British standpoint the idea of federation is to be welcomed. If there were any intelligent observers who until last week wished to concede as little as possible in India, their views have been changed. The demands for Dominion Status from the so-called Liberals were expected and discounted, but the support given by such loyal supporters of Government as Sir Muhammad Shafi and Sir Abdul Qaiyum speaking for the Moslems and by Mr. Ambedkar, speaking for the depressed classes, made it apparent that peace could not be obtained by an attitude of *non possumus* on the part of the British. At the same time nothing has altered, or can alter, the fact that no legislature even remotely resembling the Indian Legislative Assembly could be entrusted with power without precipitating a disaster which would probably result in chaos from Peshawar to Cape Comorin.

The Government of India must be made responsible to a legislative body; it cannot be made responsible to any British Indian Legislature that one can imagine. That was the dilemma.

Federation offers a way out. No reasonable person denies that Indians can govern, however certain he may be that India cannot govern itself. The Indian States have not on the whole attained the same degree of modernity as British India; in few States has the administrative machine become as scientific and as enlightened as it is in British India. But no one can dispute that the Indian Princes and their Dewans know how to maintain law and order, and it is possible for a patriotic Englishman to believe that the subjects of Indian States are not less happy than their fellows over the administrative border. Here, then, in the Princes and the Ministers is the element of stability, statesmen accustomed to face realities, who might form a body to which the government of India could be made responsible.

The almost unanimous acceptance of the principle of federation by the Round Table Conference does not mean that the end can easily be achieved. Indeed, it is only now, when committees are being set up to work out details, that the difficulties will become apparent. It must frankly be recognized that the Princes regard federation as a means of acquiring a power in India which will preserve their internal autonomy while giving them some control over British India. British Indian politicians welcome it less enthusiastically because they hoped to acquire the rights of the Paramount Power over the Princes and to extend them.

Either party would repudiate federation on the terms proposed by the other. The States demand that in the Federal Council their representation shall equal that of British India, while one prominent British Indian politician thinks he is making a generous offer when he suggests that the States shall have thirty per cent. to British India's seventy per cent. When an agreement is reached upon the relative representation a far more difficult and dangerous dispute is likely to arise as to the powers of the Federal Council and the extent to which it will be allowed to impinge on the sovereignty of the Princes. It is also probable that before the Princes will agree to come into a federation they will insist upon having their rights, political and economic, authoritatively determined by an impartial tribunal.

Federation, then, is no easy solution which the Round Table Conference happened to stumble on and in the near future will work out in detail. It is only a general direction in which the Conference has decided to move, and whether this Conference will overcome the difficulties in the way is by no means certain.

WOMEN WORKERS IN 1930

I.—THE PRESENT POSITION OF WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

BY VERA BRITTAIN

NOT least among the results of the political revolution is the widespread attention now given both by individuals and organizations to women's opportunities for work and conditions of employment in industry and the professions.

Since the end of the war the interests of women in industry alone have been responsible for conferences and publications innumerable. One of the most recent unofficial conferences was organized on the subject of women's unemployment by the Women's Freedom League on November 13, while only last June the National Conference of Labour Women at the Kingsway Hall spent the greater part of three days in discussing a Report on Equal Pay for Equal Work,

prepared by the Standing Joint Committee of Industrial Women's Organizations, which briefly outlined the present position of the woman employee.

For women as for men, the most important aspect of employment to-day is the degree to which it exists. According to the War Cabinet Committee on Women in Industry, industrial work, excluding domestic service, agriculture and transport, employed 2,178,600 women in July, 1914. The recent Equal Pay Report showed that this number had increased to just under three million in 1923, and has risen by a further 362,000 (in comparison with an increase of only 228,000 men) during the past six years. Since, however, the Report made no attempt to relate this growth in the number of employed women to the general increase in population, it failed to point out the extent to which unemployment among women has also risen. The latest statistics issued by the Ministry of Labour show unemployment among women and girls to have reached the figures of 504,501 and 51,190 respectively—an increase of 288,687 women and 20,000 girls since last year.

The attempts that have so far been made to deal with this problem of female unemployment are neither original nor extensive. The Central Committee on Women's Training and Employment conducts, on behalf of the Ministry of Labour, 29 training centres for women and girls, and intends shortly to open four more. But all these centres account for less than 1,000 unemployed women, and no further experiments appear to be contemplated. In October, the Women's Freedom League inquired of the Ministry what schemes for training workless women are now in process of organization and how many women these plans will affect, but no definite reply to their questions has so far been received.

The type of training arranged by the Central Committee recognized the fact that, in spite of the bad repute into which it has fallen since the war, domestic service still occupies more women than any other form of employment. Next in order come the cotton and woollen textile trades, which employ about two-fifths of all industrial women. The occupations, however, which most clearly reflect the total increase in women's employment belong to neither category, and curiously lack a common factor. Hotel work heads the list with an increase of 51,170 women since 1923; then come the metal trades and laundries, in which the numbers have risen by 25,840 and 20,180 respectively. Engineering, occupying 67,140 fewer men than in 1923, shows an increase of 15,180 women. Other trades with more women are printing, paper and food.

In dealing with women's rates of pay in these and other occupations, the Equal Pay Report pointed out that while, owing to the installation of weight-lifting machinery and other devices, the difference between men's and women's work rapidly decreases, the difference between their remuneration remains. The woman employee is still the victim, on the one hand of the Trade Unions endeavouring to restrict or prohibit women's employment in order to protect the "men's" rate, and on the other of employers who maintain that women's labour should be cheap owing to their tendency to leave their work on marriage (which is yearly of less importance on account of the increasing subdivision of industries into a number of quickly learnt processes) and to their inferior physical strength—a contention which in any case now has validity only in a few heavy trades.

The purely specious character of most attempts to justify the standardization of lower rates for women on the ground either of dissimilar work or inferior capacity is shown by the vast differences of pay which continue in certain light occupations and in small shops where the distinction between "men's" and "women's" work is virtually non-existent. In such trades, for instance, as sugar confectionery, cocoa and chocolate, soap and candles, and tobacco,

the agreed time rates on which piece rates are fixed are respectively 51s. 6d., 53s., 56s., and 74s. for men, and 29s., 28s., 30s., and 44s. 6d. for women.

Trade Boards, which standardize the average rate for men as 48s. 10d., and for women as 27s. 6d. in the trades that they cover, have often been criticized by Equal Pay advocates for perpetuating differential rates for men and women in industry. It must, however, be remembered that Trade Boards cover precisely those occupations in which sweating, especially among women, was formerly most prevalent, and that they are also designed to protect junior employees from the evils of spurious apprenticeship. On the other hand, according to the study made by Miss Dorothy Sells in 1923, they are sometimes responsible, owing to their establishment of too sudden a rise in scheduled wages, for the dismissal of young workers as soon as they reach adulthood.

The exploitation of apprentices still, therefore, appears to be a form of victimization to which women are peculiarly liable. Miss Sells records that in 1921 a Report made to the Dressmaking Trade Board showed evasion of the rates in 70 per cent. of the firms inspected, while in several cases learners were discharged immediately after the inspector's visit. In the daily Press of January 22, 1928, the London District Secretary of the Tailors and Garment Workers' Union further stated that in the clothing trades "the labour of young girls, who are 'sacked' directly their skill would entitle them to the full wage, is increasingly employed."

Other trades tending to substitute learners for adult workers are tobacco and laundries, of which the growing mechanization has resulted in simple machines that can be as successfully operated by girls as by experienced employees. The type of exploitation to which young girls are liable in the wholesale and retail catering trades was illustrated only last July by a letter in a northern newspaper from the mother of one of the victims:

"I wish," she wrote, "to state my daughter's case. She was engaged, after much hesitation, in a fruit and confectionery establishment at 6/- a week, finding her own overalls. Her hours were from 8.30 in the morning till 8 at night—9 on Saturday—and taking sole charge on the manageress's half day. After a few months she got an increase of 1/6, and later was told she must look out for something else as she would shortly 'come under the insurance.' Had I not been a widow with two younger children I would not have allowed my daughter to work for such employers."

The need of a Trade Board for the Catering Trades has, of course, long been recognized. The order to set it up was recently gazetted, and the more progressive women's organizations are already demanding the establishment under it of equal minimum rates for men and women.

While, however, Trade Boards may be evaded and are thus not infallible guardians of the working conditions of young persons, another factor likely to operate in favour of the apprentice is the low birth-rate of the later war period, which will be responsible for a marked shortage of juvenile labour within the next two years. This should mean a greater choice of work for school-leaving girls, who will no longer be obliged to choose between sweating and unemployment.

With these as with older workers, the immediate prospects of employment appear to be better for women than for men, mainly owing to their virtual monopoly of domestic occupations, but partially also to their continued willingness to resign themselves to long hours and low wages. Perhaps the most urgent need for industrial women to-day is to discover, through organization and the better development of personal self-respect, a medium route between the risk of unemployment and the acceptance of conditions which no man would endure.

(To be continued)

THE WAR PERIOD: WHEN IT BEGAN, AND WHEN IT ENDED—II

BY R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

THAT the period of social unrest to which the war belongs began some four years before the war itself was the argument of my article last week. The question arises: Are we out of the "war period" even now? Have we done with the season of excitability and violence in which nations, classes and individuals tended to believe in the right to self-expression at all costs? If so, is there any date we can fix at which this nervous instability gave place to a calmer state of the national mind?

Needless to say, the war itself was no cure for the warlike spirit. One of the greatest difficulties experienced by Roman conquerors in antiquity was that of finding an occupation for their soldiers when war was over. The difficulty in 1919 was even greater, for a major part of the nation, including women, had been drawn into some kind of war-work, if not into the ranks of combatants. Everyone had been shaken out of the routine of peace. Pale young men who had worn black coats in the City had been transformed into bronzed young men who were learning to live hardily and dangerously in Flanders. Boys left public schools to acquire on the battlefield a life-long contempt for brass hats and red tabs. Professional men of all ages up to forty found their careers in life astonishingly varied by the gentle intellectual exercise of working out lines of fire for heavy guns which were the target of an enemy battery. All that part of the British world, comprising, perhaps, some two million men, whose lot it was to live continuously in the proximity of trenches, found itself enduring a life unlike anything it had experienced before, intelligible only to those who lived it, and obviously unknown, and for ever to be unknown, to the civilian population at home. Service-men, on leave, talked but little about the realities of that world overseas, for they found England at home preoccupied with itself. They talked little about it for some years afterwards, for the public was sick of the subject. They only became vocal, in a reminiscent vein, when the war period was over, and an indulgent younger generation had come into being ready to listen to their tales. The ex-servicemen obviously were a factor in the after-the-war problem.

But all the rest of the nation, too, was violently jolted out of the routine under which much of it had been chafing uneasily for years before the war. Then, it had been impulsively seeking a reordering or disordering of its world. Now a reordering or disordering was hurriedly thrust upon it. Retired men came back to work. Elderly gentlemen became special constables. Unfit men acquired lucrative jobs. Men in key positions worked themselves to death, and sometimes heaped up fortunes. Girls became Waacs, or Wrens, or Wrafs, or V.A.D.s; worked in munition factories; laboured on farms; and conducted buses or trams. Everybody was engaged on some job not that for which he or she had been prepared by civilian life. C. E. Montague, for instance, ten years over military age, was insisting on being a soldier. In a certain war department which I had occasion to visit I found Mr. Arnold Bennett seated at a desk in a room of his own. What was he doing there? "Orders," he replied. Everyone, in this disordered period, was under orders.

Of course, when the war was over, the "war period" did not cease. England had settled, or pretty nearly settled, her account with Germany; but she had not settled her account with herself. In her pre-war malaise she had co-operated with the other nations in laying the powder charges which were to explode in the war. The war itself was like the earth convulsion of a prodigious exploding mine. But it left behind it numberless dangerous duds, and it had accumulated tons of unused ammunition. Bits of this debris were

destined to go off in larger or smaller bursts at short intervals in the eight years following the war. The wreckage, however, was on the home front.

But it would be an error to overlook the fact that the post-war period was one of immense buoyancy and vitality. There was a shortage of young genius and rare talent, for the possessors of it are few at any time, and they had mostly been killed. (That is the main reason why so large a proportion of the conspicuous talent was discoverable among women.) But average people are average people; and plenty of them survived. They were very vigorous specimens of the average, as they proved by the zest with which they threw themselves into everything that came to hand, except the routine of long hours of manual labour. Released from the bondage of Victorian custom, they devoted themselves eagerly to any work in which they were their own masters, and to strenuous games and physical exercises of all kinds, including all-night dancing. But they jibbed ferociously at all the restraints which savoured of the slave-driver or sergeant-major.

The war-mood was far from having worked itself out. The trade union movement towards "direct action," which had flared up before the war, smouldered dangerously all through it, and at many critical moments was a thorn in the side of Mr. Lloyd George. It broke out again when peace had been made with the foreign enemy. In every industry the attitude of the trade unions became threatening, and the old talk of the "class war" became more formidable when the trade unions were organized in powerful alliances; the Trade Union Congress itself adopted a militant attitude which did not hesitate to challenge law and order. In 1919 there was insubordination even in the ranks of the police. The National Union of Railwaymen came out on strike, and troops had to be used to organize transport.

The trouble in Ireland belonged to a different order of things. The Irish had not, as a nation, participated in the war as the English had done. For them the crash was postponed. Their real war was destined to be a guerilla war, first with England and afterwards among themselves. The convulsion of hatred which shook Ireland to her depths left the mass of the English people almost unmoved. The latter had no idea of hating the Irish. They were absorbed in their own affairs, and their feeling was mainly one of irritation at being disturbed by another conflict overseas.

The English were fully occupied at home. While the rich were profoundly concerned with the task of making money and spending it in post-war pleasures, and the middle-classes were intent on keeping their end up, drowning their income-tax troubles in the same post-war pleasures, the poor, also interested in these pleasures—and not having enough of them—listened attentively to the apostles of the "class war." The whole period from 1918 to 1926 was one of strikes and preparation for strikes, encouraged by a militant Trade Union Congress, and a Labour Party whose policy was still mainly destructive.

The feverish restlessness of the war period had to work itself out. The end came in the exceptionally high temperature of 1926, with its General Strike and its prolonged coal stoppage, followed by a rapid fall to a point far below normal. The violence of that year was the last wild explosion of the war period—and it ended it.

From that time onwards—from the opening of 1927—conciliation in industrial circles began to take the place of challenge. The Trade Union Congress counselled moderation and avoided the use of the word "strike," while the Labour Party effectually purged itself of Communist elements. At the Mond conferences prominent employers met representatives of the trade unions to discuss a programme for co-operation in industry. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues definitely turned their backs on the doctrine of Socialism in our time.

The general public, too, showed a change of taste even in its reading. For the first time since the Peace it began to like war-books—a sure sign that the war period, during which, for eight years, it had not been able to endure books describing battles and trench-life, belonged to the past. Mr. Blunden's 'Undertones of War,' published in the autumn of 1927, had an immediate success, and was followed by an endless procession of war reminiscences and war novels which the new public, or the old public in its new mood, devoured with eagerness. The writings of cynical and disillusioned young men, which had enjoyed a vogue during seven or eight war-weary years, began to lose their interest. There are signs of a reaction to-day against books characterized by affected epigram, debonair humour, or ostentatious ennui—books by authors of the type of Mr. Gerhardt. Mr. Priestley's 'The Good Companions' is evidence of a taste for more robust literary fare.

The younger persons who are growing up are confident, rather than restless. Manners everywhere are tending to become sedate, not to say demure. Night clubs have been perishing one by one, and are out of fashion. Women's dresses are becoming longer and longer, and Victorian hats are said to be on their way. From the restlessness, boisterousness, and the disposition to "live dangerously" and think lightly which marked the latter part of the "war period," we have emerged, almost without noticing it, into another phase of the ever-revolving cycle of years.

THE CRIMINAL MIND

LOMBROSO'S "criminal type," with its occipital dimple, lobeless ears, sparse facial hair, and all those other physical stigmata on which such store was set but a few decades ago, has joined the Basilisk and the Noble Savage. But, like its fellow myths, it has vanished in form rather than in reality; and it is worth while to investigate the reality which these forms disguise rather than display. Is there a distinguishable "criminal mind"? Is the criminal, like the poet, born, not made? Is criminality a Mendelian unit, represented by physical entities in the germ-cell, transmissible from one generation to another like "black blood" or epilepsy? On the other hand, are all of us potential criminals, lacking but the stimulus and the occasion? Is "There, but for the grace of God, go I" the only honest reflection of every visitor to Dartmoor?

Just as the notion of a criminal type rested on the conception of a "normal" type of man, so, usually, is the idea of a criminal mind based on the supposition of the existence of a normal mind. In truth, the so-called normal mind is but an average among the infinite variety of individual temperaments, characters, and degrees of mental efficiency. It is to those who, by their acts and habits, betray themselves as most remote from that average that we apply such terms as "genius," "criminal," "saint," "half-wit" and "crank." Among these extremists, to the right as well as to the left of the centre, the majority of habitual criminals are to be found; so that, in a sense, it is true to say that even though there is no such thing as a criminal mind, there are minds of varying criminal potentialities.

In its technical and narrower sense a crime is but a punishable breach of the law of a particular community, thus differing from sin. There are, of course, crimes which, committed by a particular individual in particular circumstances, although legally punishable, would not by most people be regarded as sins; and, as we all know, there are plenty of sins, almost universally condemned as such, of which the law takes no cognisance. The committer of sinless crimes, whatever the lawyers may think,

is far more likely to be a saint than, in any intelligible sense, a criminal. Of the remaining offenders against the adopted rules of society, there are, from the psychological point of view, two great classes, the habituals and the occasionals. Few of us but might, in exceptional circumstances, find ourselves within the latter class. The former are mainly recruited from far more specialized psychologic groups.

Although crime differs from sin, when we popularly speak of an act or a purpose as "criminal," we imply something more than law-breaking. As Baron Garafalo put it, "the element of immorality requisite before a harmful act can be regarded by public opinion as criminal, is the injury to so much of the moral sense as is represented by one or the other of the elementary altruistic sentiments of pity and probity. Given a violation of either of these sentiments, we have what may properly be called "natural crime." Most criminals, like most cranks, are fundamentally egocentric; but so-called moral insensibility is often nothing more than moral eccentricity or moral unconventionality. Society, however, cannot always afford to take such philosophic subtleties into account; for, although ethics, like laws, are local and temporary, they are but in small part artificial, being an outgrowth of such realities as climate, economic geography and racial genetics. But egoistic impulses and indifference to social welfare do not necessarily lead to criminal action. Another factor—the environmental one—is also needed; for almost any of our inborn impulses can be developed or stunted by circumstance and habit.

The number of convicted delinquents who can truly be described as born criminals is small; though, as with other professions, a certain homogeneity of attitude and of mental habit may be observed among seasoned recidivists. The potentialities are, of course, inherent; but their development and the manner of their expression are largely determined by social and material circumstances—especially by those which environ youth. As showing how big a part environment plays in this development, one can but be struck by the enormous increase in juvenile criminality since the family began to dissolve, especially in those countries where that process is most advanced. Indeed, every step towards social disintegration—whatever new integration it may lead to—tends temporarily to increase crime.

The common attitude to criminals is a confused one, its main ingredients being fear, vindictiveness and sentimentality. Of these, the last is the most futile. If we are seriously to lessen crime, it is idle to build our hopes on the reformation of those already well-established in anti-social habits.

As with many other disorders, prevention, rather than cure, is the policy of promise. But, until we have a clear understanding of the varying motives and imaginings which distinguish the criminal from his similarly circumstanced law-abiding neighbour, and of the conditions in which these motives and imaginings grew, our efforts at prophylaxis are likely to be unavailing. To call crime a disease, and to argue therefrom that the punishment of the criminal is wrong, is rank stupidity. The disease is of society, just as cancer is a disease of the human being on whom it is parasitic; and it is primarily the health of society which must be safeguarded. Naturally, for both civic and Christian reasons, we should, in subordination to this prime consideration, do what is possible to help, rather than to injure, society's disharmonious units. When we realize how slightly most of these anti-social pirates differ innately from the rest of us, and how easily at appropriate stages their impulses might have been directed to harmonious social ends, we shall look upon our prisons and convict establishments as but an index of our educational and religious failures,

just as some surgeons look upon their operative cases as an index of the diagnostic inefficiency of the physicians.

But, above all, we must beware of the fallacy that criminals are all of a kind. Among them will be found men of strong character and of weak character; some with set purpose and firm will, and others without aim or ideal, without even lust or avarice. Some owe their criminal status as much to their courage as to the form of their ambition, while others are cowardly and purposeless. Not only is the recognition of these wide differences in mental and emotional outfit essential to the effective practice of preventive criminology, but it is even more necessary to intelligent and effective penology.

QUAERO

'WITH TEARS IN MY EYES'

BY JOHN BROPHY

I HEARD the tune a few weeks ago in one of those very popular restaurants which extend to several floors, each furnished with a band. The Band is at least as important as the menu: like the marble walls and the numerous mirrors it helps to make the food seem better than it is.

To enter this place after a smart and expensive restaurant is depressing, not unlike seeing the third touring company of a successful musical comedy. But hundreds of thousands find minor adventure here, an exhilaration of the senses. After the daily routine of the office or the kitchen, here is the Gay Life of the West End. Not for these simple people to criticize the service, the cuisine, the æsthetic aberrations and deficiencies of the decorations, least of all the Band.

The Band is always sure of an outburst of clapping whenever it takes its brief and infrequent pauses between "items." The Band plays at least two pieces every evening "By Request," and tells you so with a large dog-eared placard. Without the Band there would be little gaiety, no sparkle in the eyes, no parade of "company manners," no daintily self-conscious handling of fish-knives. For the Band sends exhilaration pulsating through the air: with strings and brass and the tinkling acrobatics of the piano, it dictates the mood of the diners.

Three courses make up the most popular evening meal here, during which the Band plays the three kinds of music it knows, or is allowed to play. Consequently, all the diners are herded through three moods. There is the corybantic, when foxtrots from musical comedies or "talkies" of the moment are played. This necessitates arch glances across the table, subdued tapping of shoes or of fingers (not of cutlery: that would be vulgar), and in the more emancipated females, a slight shrugging and swaying of the shoulders, expressive of the desire and the ability to take the floor were it less cluttered with tables and people.

The second mood is also lively, but more exalted. For this the eyes should reveal the stirrings of the soul and an aspiration towards the loftier things of life, for the Band will be playing something from 'Tannhäuser' or 'Lohengrin,' a fantasia of tunes from 'Carmen,' a melodious suite by Grieg, or Rachmaninoff's Prelude. Males who wish to indicate that they possess a soul above the mere carnal pleasures of the table cease to eat and to talk, gazing instead at nothing with rapturous eyes. Others beat time softly with a finger—a very cunning device which implies intimacy with the technique of the whole mystery of music. The third mood induced by the third variety of music known to the Band is, perhaps, the most in demand, the most widely and the most deeply appreciated of all. It is the sentimental.

The last time I was in the restaurant the Band surpassed itself in this third department with a tune called 'I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes.' I presume that was the name, because two or three times the conductor, versatile man, sang a refrain beginning with those affecting words. I perceive that I am now making a mock of this music, but while it is being played, no! Then it is genuinely affecting, exercising a physical influence, making one feel sad and good, which is very gratifying. I do not know that this new tune is a specially good example of its kind, with its modern snivel and insubstantiality. The heart is touched, but not wrung. It is a tune built for the age, to gain a brief effect, not solid and lasting like 'Annie Laurie' or 'Poor Old Joe.'

But while it is in other respects an inferior specimen, 'I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes' deserves some sort of survival because of its title, which might serve for the whole genus of sentimental songs. Their function is to produce tears by rhythm, to rouse a facile sadness and at the same time to distil any bitterness it may contain: to reduce the terrifying impact of life to the gentle touch of disseminated sadness.

Sentimental songs, good sentimental songs, vary in the quality of their music, their spontaneity and their diction. For none of these are they primarily esteemed and kept in the memory, but for their associations, with particular occasions, with particular people and with the flowering period of our youth. Sentimental songs, as well as anything, demarcate one generation from another. Not that they differ very much in form or method. The tradition is maintained rather than developed; the same subjects recur—true love, absence, bereavement and jilting—and the melodies are noticeably akin. But one generation responds with profuse emotion to 'Little Annie Rooney' and 'The Honeysuckle and the Bee,' which to those a few years younger are good tuneful songs and no more, not to be compared with 'Roses of Picardy' or 'If You were the Only Girl in the World.' Almost any soft sweet song will do to stimulate the flow of that pleasurable melancholy we all secrete, but the songs that we sang in our youth are for ever after faintly hallowed, charged not merely with general emotion, but with vividly felt personal memories.

To what rhythms and atonalities the young people of to-day are making their personal histories I cannot pretend to know. Perhaps 'I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes' is one of them, and in ten years' or twenty years' time its revival may work tender ruin on the susceptibilities of middle-aged people, while leaving even old stagers like me comparatively unmoved. I can only speak with any assurance of the popular sad songs of the war years, which for me and for most of my generation will always be apart, superior, more emotionally potent than any others. Compared with their predecessors of the 'eighties, the 'nineties and the Edwardian era, compared even with the curiously desiccated songs of to-day, 'The Long, Long Trail,' 'God Send You Back to Me' and 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' may be technically poor. We who sang them fourteen or fifteen years ago do not know and cannot judge, for they are inseparable from the times when life and death shook us from day to day. Surely no songs put out for merely transient popularity and commercial profit have ever been so filled and overweighted with deep and heart-felt emotion? The troubled heart of a whole nation involved in an uncertain war poured itself out through these no doubt commonplace words and maudlin melodies. And, for those who sang them, at least, the memory of that endurance remains, to ennoble what is inherently trivial. Perhaps it is as well that only one generation should have the facile pathos of its entertainments transformed into the high song of tragedy.

POLITICS AND PENNYWORTHS IN THE VILLAGE SHOP

BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

MRS. PRATT keeps the village shop, her brother is the butcher, her cousin is the baker, and an uncle of hers is the postman. Of her own family and that of the late Mr. Pratt, who stupidly fell over the cliffs and is no more—"Gone to 'is rest and mine," says Mrs. Pratt—there are eleven in the village and three in the market town, four miles away. One is in the millinery and, according to Mrs. Pratt, "no better than she should be, though I'm not one for casting in people's teeth, but 'er 'usband, 'e left 'er and went to India, some say where 'e carries on something awful, and some say there's black Pratts, but there's liars everywhere in this sinful world."

Only Mrs. Pratt can find anything in the shop. There is rather an interesting smell in the place, of onions, sawdust—that's from the barrel of sweetwater grapes—paraffin, cheese ("and I wish 'er lamp glasses were as strong as 'er cheese," as Mrs. Huxter says), pear drops and rope. She keeps pots and pans, and brushes and boot blacking, sardines, lucky dips, and those little houses where Mrs. Fair and Mr. Foul live in order to tell us the weather, and sugar, treacle, twine, clothes pegs, and marbles, and most of the farinaceous foods. There is one wooden chair.

Mrs. Pratt's great gossip lives in Peach Cottage, and her name is Griggs. She cleans the church and takes in mending, and has seen the King of England once, which gives her a certain place in society. Mrs. Griggs is seated on the one chair and Mrs. Pratt has deposited her bulk on a stool behind the counter on which lies a penny. "Not that she's bad what you'd call right through," says Mrs. Griggs, "but there's a wild look in 'er eye sometimes, especially when she's been to market. Not like that hussy what lived down to Monkstown and will end by going to the bad unless she mends 'er ways, carrying on with this and that when she's moved to so they say, my dear love."

"Ah!" wheezes Mrs. Pratt. "Ah! This world is full of pitfalls."

"As true as I'm sitting 'ere," says Mrs. Griggs, "and what can a body say about them as 'olds with Socialists and the like. There's a law in this land, isn't there? Then why don't it put a stop to them Socialists what keeps young men—men! I call 'em vagabonds, same as the gipsies—standing about with fags in their mouths drawing this dole and waiting for the public 'ouses to open."

Mrs. Pratt heaves herself from her seat and goes to the shop door on which a bell hangs. "Go away, you boys," she calls in husky tones.

When she is seated again Mrs. Griggs continues: "The old squire, 'e'd turn in 'is grave, 'e would, to see the Manor let and nigh 'alf 'is fine trees cut down by men what draws four 'undred a year for shouting in Parliament. Thank the Lord, Griggs kept hisself respectable to the end and only asked for a pint of stout with 'is dying breath, though where he got the idea I don't know, 'im being a teetotaller all 'is life, and all 'e said was, 'If only I'd a known,' before 'e passed away."

"Ah!" says Mrs. Pratt, her eyes almost disappearing as she chuckled.

"Manners is dead and gone, I say," said Mrs. Griggs, "and one's as good as another so these young folk think, and I'd go down on my bended knee to see the Manor-folk back in the family pew where they belong instead of that red-faced soap-boiler as some say 'e was."

"Ah!" says Mrs. Pratt, in such a way as to suggest she knew a thing or two but that her lips were sealed.

"What's come over this country I ask myself, Mrs. Pratt. Who wants to go digging under the sea to get to France, when them as is fools enough can go by honest water? Who's paying for it? You and me, Mrs. Pratt. I know 'em, taking the bread out of poor men's mouths, them Socialists, and putting it into their own pockets. They shan't 'ave my bit what I've put by against a rainy day, and that not in the Post Office either, or they'd 'ave that too. I pay my burial club money reglar, and I don't owe nothing to nobody, and if I do 'ave my glass now and again, I pay for it. It's for me 'eart, Mrs. Pratt, as well you know."

"Ah!" says Mrs. Pratt, whose heart also responded to a go of hot gin and water.

"And who pays the wages of the President of America? You and me, Mrs. Pratt, and may I drop down dead if it isn't true. Every time an honest woman what's worked 'ard to keep an 'ome together all 'er life earns a few shillings they take a bit away to give the President of America, don't they? and every time a lady dies what 'as a bit put by these 'ere Socialists comes down like vultures and picks 'er pocket before she's cold. 'Orrible, that's what I say, and I'd say it to their faces, nasty thieves. What do you say, Mrs. Pratt?"

Mrs. Pratt, now somewhat purple in the face, makes for the door again. "Will you get away, you boys?" she cries; then muttering to herself—"Breathing on my glass and passing remarks with wet fingers, drat 'em." She resumes her seat.

"You've took the words out of my mouth," says Mrs. Griggs. "They boys is like them Socialists, passing remarks and putting out their tongues every time a gentleman goes by; henvy, 'atred and malice, that's what it is, cutting up the country into strips and giving it in bits to their friends. They'll 'ave the Churches soon, you see if they don't. I've no patience with 'em, not I? You call to mind Lucy Barneses 'usband what took to politics and drink something awful, shouting 'Down with everything' outside the 'Crown and Anchor' and going inside twenty times of a morning to refresh 'is memory, so 'e said, and 'im an honest man once and kept birds and never touched a drop more than a man needs until that Socialist man come along and told 'im not to work so 'ard and stood 'im four goes of spirits at 'The Green Man,' and now what is 'e? And 'im with the best carrier's business for miles and 'as now for the matter of that, what 'is 'orse knows all the people he carries for and I must say 'e never forgotten a thing even in drink, and 'is wife, poor thing, taking in washing with tears in her eyes to think of the come down. You've 'eard Molly Parker's got 'er baby, I suppose?"

"Well I never!" says Mrs. Pratt.

"A fine boy, too, and Parker earning good money though left 'anded owing to the war. They're going to call 'im Augustus Charles, which I think is 'igh falooting and apeing the gentry overmuch, but better than standing at street corners and shouting 'Down with everything' like some as I won't mention. What do you say, Mrs. Pratt?"

"It'll be on their 'eads, you see if it won't, like my grandfather what was called Waterloo after the battle and never come to any good and went to Australia just in time some said."

"Well, I mustn't keep you, Mrs. Pratt," says Mrs. Griggs, rising.

"That's your penny, Mrs. Griggs."

"So it is," says Mrs. Griggs, taking it up; "though what I come in for I misremember. What's your politics, Mrs. Pratt?"

"Same as the King's," said Mrs. Pratt.

"So's mine," says Mrs. Griggs. "Good-day, dear love."

OUT OF THE FOG

BY MARGARET OWEN

FOG lay over London like a dingy blanket. It poured into the narrow streets and lanes of the City; it filled the caverns of Victoria and Charing Cross; it flowed across the river, blotting out the water with a thick yellow stream of vapour; it muffled the sound of the traffic, already going dead slow; in places it was so thick that a man could not see his own hand, much less his neighbour's face.

In South London it was thicker than ever, or so Jeremy Crole thought as he emerged from the Tube at Kennington Oval.

This was Jeremy's first experience of a "London particular," for he had but recently come to work in London, now he was on his way to visit an old friend.

Two days ago a letter had arrived at Jeremy's rooms, in Bloomsbury, from Pat Hardwicke. He had not seen Hardwicke for years, not since they had left school at the end of the same term. His friend had gone abroad, but Jeremy Crole had remained in their home town in the North of England.

They had kept up a desultory correspondence, however, for years and were well aware of each other's doings. Now Hardwicke had come to live in South London and had brought his wife with him.

The letter of two days ago was an invitation for this Sunday afternoon. Jeremy was on his way to the Hardwicks' flat in Kennington.

He stood for a minute on the pavement outside the Tube, trying to get his bearings.

His directions had been explicit. He was to cross the Brixton Road, to go a short distance down the Camberwell New Road, to take the first on the left and the second on the right, and he would find the Hardwicks' home on the top floor of an old house in a terrace lately converted into modern flats. They were not, Pat had written, more than five minutes' walk from the Tube.

But Pat Hardwicke had reckoned without the fog. It might easily take, thought Jeremy, nearly an hour to find the place. However, he pulled up his coat collar and dived into the yellow sea.

It was very quiet in Kennington that Sunday afternoon after the noisy warmth of the Tube.

Crole felt as if he were moving through a city of the dead. Dim shadows passed him that were more like phantoms than people, and once he bumped into something that seemed to spring up suddenly in his path to find it was a pillar-box.

It was placed on the edge of the kerb and Crole made his way carefully across the road and discovered an island in the centre. Here he paused for a moment and then went resolutely forward to the pavement of the Camberwell New Road.

Here he tried to find his turning, walking slowly along the inner side of the pavement and feeling for the corner. At last he found it, turned down the side street, and was pulled up short by the glimmer of strong lamps overhead. He was back at the Tube station again.

"This isn't good enough," muttered Jeremy. He considered a taxi, but the traffic had almost ceased. Only drivers on urgent business were abroad. There was no taxi to be had. Besides, for so short a distance, a taxi seemed ridiculous. He abandoned the idea.

Leaving the Tube station for the second time he caught sight of a familiar outline beneath a lamp.

"I say, constable, can you put me right for Kennington Terrace?"

The man gave him minute instructions and headed him off in the right direction. Presently, Jeremy found himself once more upon a friendly island.

"I won't go wrong this time," he told himself, and stood still to try to locate his bearings by the sounds on either side.

It was then that he heard her voice for the first time. "You are looking for Kennington Terrace, I think," she said.

He could just make out a slight girlish form at his side, then as he looked down she looked up at him, and the light from the tall standard lamp on the refuge showed him dimly a small oval face with pale cheeks and very dark eyes.

She turned her head and the mist wrapped her in its folds; indeed, he thought, she seemed more like a wraith than a real woman, and yet her voice had sounded real enough.

"Yes," he said, "I am going to the Terrace. But how did you know?"

"I am going there myself," she said. "To Pat. I will take you."

She did not speak again but stepped off the refuge, Jeremy close behind her. For some queer reason it never occurred to him to question her, stranger though she was. He just followed blindly.

The girl slipped quickly through the foggy streets just a little ahead of him. He noticed that her little feet made no sound on the pavement. Swiftly and silently she made her way without the smallest hesitation as if the murky fog had been summer sunshine, while he blundered after her as best he could.

Who on earth was she, he wondered? Some other guest of the Hardwicks, obviously. But how had she guessed their objective was the same?

"I say, this is awfully good of you, to take me in tow like this," he called to her. "But won't you let me know your name?"

She did not answer, and he supposed that the fog had deadened the sound of his voice. He would ask her again when they arrived. They were already in a side street.

She turned again and led him a little way down another street and up a short flight of broad stone steps to a brown door.

By the light shining dully through the fanlight, Jeremy could see the round outline of three electric bells placed one above the other at the side of the door.

The girl spoke again. "Ring the top one, please," she said. As he pressed it he heard her catch her breath in a little sob.

"What is it?" he cried, peering down at her.

"Good-bye," came the little voice through the fog, "Be good to Pat. Stay with him while he needs you."

Then the door opened and Hardwicke stood in the hall. But the girl had disappeared.

"Well, old man, this is great! I am glad to see you." Jeremy's hand was wrung in a hearty grip. "What a beast of a day, though. Come in and let me shut the door."

"But, I say, there's someone else here," cried Jeremy. "A friend of yours, I think. A young lady."

"Where?" Pat Hardwicke peered into the fog.

"You're dreaming, old son. There's no one there."

"But there was," persisted Jeremy. He was trying his hardest to remember what the girl had said. She had told him which bell to ring, and then there had been something else—about Pat, he thought. But for the life of him he could not remember what she had said. "Aren't you expecting some one?" he asked his friend.

"Not a soul. Come upstairs and get this fog out of your throat. Sorry we've no lift. We'll have to walk."

Hardwicke led the way up the broad, shallow stairs. On the third landing a door stood open. Jeremy could see the welcome glow of a fire burning cheerily in a room at the end of a short corridor. As he followed his host into this pleasant room a clock chimed the half hour.

"I say, I am late. I've been half an hour getting here from the Tube."

"That's all right. Brenda's not home yet. She went off to church this morning with an old aunt who's staying at an hotel in the West End. She rang up to say she was lunching there on account of the fog. Shall we give her till five before we have tea? Meanwhile, you'll have a drink?"

"Thanks, I'd like one," said Jeremy. As Hardwicke handed him his whisky he said, "It was queer about that girl, wasn't it, Pat?"

"M'yes, I suppose so. It must have been some friend of Brenda's. She was coming to call and then changed her mind. Some girls are like that. Worse than weather-cocks. She'll probably ring Brenda up to-night to explain. Now let's have your news, old man. I'll keep ours until Brenda's here."

Crole was not satisfied, but he could hardly continue the subject of the girl in view of his friend's evident interest in his affairs, and presently the two men were reviving old memories through a thick haze of fog and tobacco smoke.

A peal at the front-door bell brought Pat Hardwicke to his feet.

"That's Brenda. She always forgets she has a key in her purse."

He hurried from the room and was away so long that Jeremy, still slightly uneasy, went to look for him.

As he came out on to the top landing of the old house Crole saw a little procession coming slowly up the stairs.

First there came a police-inspector and behind him two constables carrying a burden very carefully between them; last of all staggered Pat Hardwicke.

"Been an accident, sir," said the inspector, catching sight of Jeremy Crole. "Mrs. Hardwicke's been run over in the fog. We brought her home in the ambulance."

"Is she—?" whispered Jeremy.

"Must have been killed outright, sir."

As the two policemen passed him with their charge, Jeremy caught a glimpse of the dead woman's face. He recognized it at once. It was the face of the girl in the fog.

He clutched the inspector's arm. "What time did the accident happen?"

"Five minutes to four, sir."

"And I left the Oval at four o'clock!"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Nothing, officer. This is a great shock."

"Of course, sir. I understand that. But I must be seeing to my duties, if you'll excuse me."

He followed the sad little cortège into the flat and Jeremy was left alone on the landing.

It was then that her words came back to him, "Be good to Pat. Stay with him while he needs you."

"I will, Brenda," said Jeremy aloud and went into the flat to find his friend.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

BY IRENE PETCH

CHRYSANTHEMUMS—pink, yellow, bronze, and white,

Lit the dun pavement of a London street
Where sat a starving woman, hunched and old,
With frozen hands and feet.

"Kind lady, buy!" With trembling fingers she
Drew forth a flower of enormous size;
Surely an emblem of the hope that shone
In her enduring eyes!

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

QUITE early in the term the *Isis* decided to attack the Union Society. But such weight as its Editorial might have carried was rather lessened by the declaration "... the Union has slid down the gentle slope into the sea. . . . Let its buildings cease to cumber the earth. Let it be anathema and its offence wiped out from our sight." A sensational policy has been continued. After a further and weaker effort, the exposure of an Officer of the Society who has been writing the reports for the *Cherwell* was published on the day before the Officer concerned stood for the Presidency.

The attack on the Union could seldom have had less justification. There is a greater number of new members than in any recent year. On one evening fifty speakers addressed the House, and the attendances have been well above the usual high average for the Michaelmas Term. Sir Austen Chamberlain spoke in the Presidential debate to what must have been the largest house since the war. All the aisles were filled by people sitting on the floor; every window-sill was full and people standing "just inside" the door spread half-way across the hall. A row of standing members almost encircled the gallery. And the less said about the later attack, the better for all parties concerned.

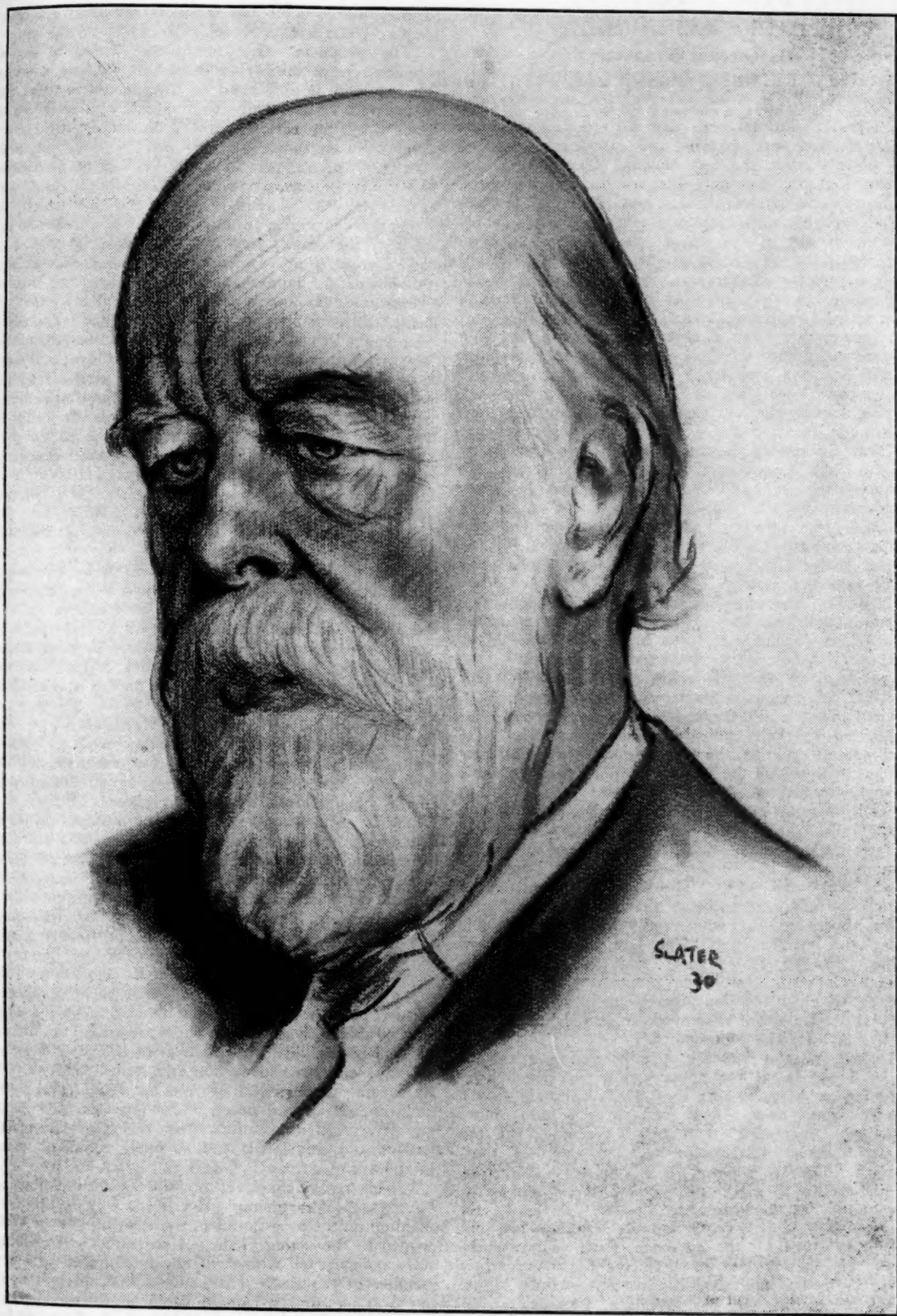
Balliol again supplies the new President of the Union, Mr. John Foot, who is the brother of a former President. A third member of the family has been President of the Cambridge Union. Mr. Geoffrey Wilson (Oriell), who is now Librarian, is brother of Mr. Roger Wilson, who was recently President. The new Librarian is Mr. O. C. Papineau (Hertford), and the Secretary is Mr. H. Z. A. Kabir (Exeter), who is President of the Indian Majlis. The President is a Liberal; the other three officers support the Labour Party.

A joint meeting of the Conservative Association and the Liberal Club, addressed by Lady Astor on the subject of Temperance, was held in the Union. Her remarks were excellently received by a large audience. The Conservatives were unfortunate enough to have two of their speakers cry off at the last moment. Their programme was not as interesting as it has been often, and the absence of two of their speakers has left very little on which to base a term's activity. They have been addressed by Sir Samuel Hoare; they held this joint meeting, and Lord Lloyd is once again coming down, this time to speak on India.

The new ice rink has been well patronized by the University in spite of the Proctorial restrictions. Undergraduates are, generally speaking, only allowed to skate between 2.30 and 5.30. The first important Hockey match resulted in a win for the Varsity against a team announced as "Germany."

The new buildings at Magdalen, which came into use at the beginning of the term, have a standard of comfort which would surprise old members of the University. Baths, for example, are provided on every staircase. The exterior is very pleasing and even more satisfactory than that of the old building in St. Swithin's Quadrangle of which the new ones are an extension; but it is difficult to get used to several features. The stone walls inside the rooms do not make one feel at home, though the monotony may be relieved, when a few terms have passed, by the marks left of successive occupiers. The view from some windows is very fine, but from others the Squash Courts provide an uninteresting foreground.

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.



SIR OLIVER LODGE

THE THEATRE BACK TO PUERILIA

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

The Mouthpiece. By Edgar Wallace. Wyndham's Theatre.
The Witch. By H. Wiens-Jennsen. Embassy Theatre.

I REGRET to have to say it (and I know quite well there are excuses and extenuating circumstances), but the fact remains that the London theatre is, by comparison with the New York theatre, commonplace, unenterprising, and puerile. The contrast between them can be accurately and simply stated, by saying that eight out of every ten commercially successful plays produced in London can be fully appreciated and enjoyed by a seventeen-year-old schoolboy, and can therefore at best be tolerated, if there is nothing better, by persons of adult intelligence; whereas to that same schoolboy eight out of every ten commercially successful plays presented in New York would be, to a very large extent, too "grown-up" to be even intelligible.

(Oh, I know that our Censorship is partly to blame; but much as I, in theory, detest the very existence of that Censorship, I am also conscious that many of the plays it so absurdly bans would not only fail commercially in London, but would also be made intolerable for the minority who could appreciate them, by the tittering and giggling of the unappreciative majority. For this reason only, I do not regret that 'The Green Pastures,' for example, has been vetoed).

This English schoolboy drama—farcical comedies, musical comedies, and melodramas—is so popular in London, and consequently so much the staple entertainment of our West End theatres, that even the more dignified dramatic critics have to make some pretence of seriously discussing it—if only to keep their hands in till some less ingenuous drama be submitted to their critical consideration. And this, I suppose, explains the apparent consternation and dismay with which the latest of Mr. Edgar Wallace's unsophisticated melodramas has been received. But what it does not explain, is the surprise. For though Mr. Wallace has turned out three or four successful trifles, one or two of which have not been altogether unamusing, he has turned out also—ever since that vastly over-rated work, 'The Ringer'—several plays which not only were no better than this latest 'Mouthpiece,' but were also commercially disastrous: 'Double Dan,' for instance, and 'The Lad,' and 'The Man Who Changed His Name' (not to mention the commercially successful, but preposterous 'Terror'). All of which I mention merely to justify my own refusal to be either dismayed or astonished by the feebleness of 'The Mouthpiece.'

Indeed, on the contrary, tedious and silly though it is, I incline to the opinion that this latest play contains at least a hint that Mr. Wallace's future works may prove less meretricious and more genuinely interesting than his "thrillers" of the past. I derive this optimism from the fact that, though 'The Mouthpiece' is a crime-play and concerned with a gang of crooks, it is not—nor, apparently, is it meant to be—a "thriller." Of course, if I am wrong, and if Mr. Wallace did intend to "thrill" the audience, then 'The Mouthpiece' is merely one of that prolific playwright's more inglorious failures. But assuming I am right, I see no reason why Mr. Wallace, who can write, when he chooses, scenes that are genuinely dramatic, and also passages of the most delicious vulgar comedy, should not give us in the future a long series of extremely interesting and entertaining plays. They will probably be concerned with crime. But because a play is concerned with crime, it does not necessarily follow that it must aim at merely "thrilling" the audience. After all, 'Loyalties' was a

play concerned with crime; but Mr. Galsworthy made no attempt to terrify his audience; and yet he wrote a play that was (to put it mildly) quite as entertaining as 'The Ringer' even.

The crooks in 'The Mouthpiece' are three men of apparent respectability, who plot to swindle a young woman who has inherited an unexpected fortune, but is unaware of the fact. To this end, the youngest of them poses as a rich and eligible suitor, whom she reluctantly consents to marry for his purely mythical wealth. Another (the most interesting of the three) is a shady solicitor, known as "The Mouthpiece," who draws up the marriage settlement—by which, in exchange for a substantial income for his bride and her mother, the bridegroom receives complete control of any fortune that his wife may possess or become possessed of. Thinking herself penniless and without "expectations," she is ready to sign this legal document. But, fortunately, the shady solicitor falls in love with her and makes excuses to prevent her doing so. The girl (rather surprisingly) returns his love; and what little interest the play contains, lies in the dilemma which confronts the Mouthpiece. For his past contains at least one undetected felony, of which the leader of this gang-of-three has sufficient evidence to get him several years of penal servitude. To save himself, he must go through with the swindle; yet his love for its intended victim prevents his doing so. His solution (or, I should say, Mr. Wallace's solution) of this problem is more violent than subtle, and yet too mild to satisfy the Wallace "fans."

The acting of this melodrama was more competent than distinguished, though Mr. Cronin Wilson managed somehow to confirm an opinion I have cherished for a long time—which is that his is one of the most interesting personalities on the contemporary English stage. In short, not so much a disappointing Edgar Wallace, as a disappointing type of play to find in a West End London theatre.

Still, provided you look in the right places, you can generally find (especially on Sunday evenings) something that is definitely adult. For example, at the Embassy this week—and next—you will find a very fine revival of that well-known play, 'The Witch.' There is nothing trivial or puerile, but much that is profoundly interesting and dramatic in this story of sixteenth-century witchcraft in Norway. The old belief in the Satanic power of witches is, of course, not difficult to understand, even in these enlightened days (their modern equivalents are generally inanimate objects such as ladders, but even the tourist comes across the Evil Eye in civilized Europe); and the peculiar merit of this play lies in its revelation of the motives actuating those who burnt them. We are shown, not a mob of ignorant fanatics, but a gentle, learned pastor, who regards these atrocities, not merely as a religious duty and political necessity, but as an act of mercy and love, honestly believing that only by burning can the souls of these unfortunates be saved and themselves find peace and happiness throughout eternity. And so beautifully is this play conceived, written and translated, and so finely acted, all these things are made convincing.

Which reminds me, surely the Embassy is using Mr. Masefield's version? But if so, why is there no mention on the programme of the Poet Laureate? With regard to the acting, I do not remember ever having seen a play acted with such fine intelligence by every member of the cast. The heaviest burdens rest upon the shoulders of Mr. Donald Wolfitt as the pastor, Mr. Robert Donald as his son, and Miss Joyce Bland as his wife, Anne Pedersdotter. There were countless points of excellence, and not one single blemish, in the acting of all three. Miss Edith Sharpe gave a beautifully restrained, yet forceful, performance as the grandmother; and for, I think, the first time in my life I saw a tipsy man played convincingly—for which I have to thank, and congratulate, Mr. Francis Sullivan.

THE FILMS THE FILM GROUP

BY MARK FORREST

A NEW movement has recently gained considerable momentum in the film world, and as it already numbers among its adherents some six thousand people from all over the country, and for one reason or another twelve amateur societies from different parts of the British Isles have expressed their willingness to affiliate themselves with it, it is time that the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW should become better acquainted with its objects.

The name of the society is the Film Group and its offices are at present situated at 41 Manchester Street, London, W., where an executive council, consisting of Mr. Holmes, Mr. Gordon Roe and Mr. Paul Rotha, are trying to prevail upon the intelligent section of the cinema public to support their endeavour to provide facilities for the exhibition of the best examples of international film production, both current and retrospective.

In the days of the silent films, such a scheme was carried on with great success at the Avenue Pavilion in Shaftesbury Avenue, but with the advent of the talking picture that theatre discontinued its policy and for some three months or more has been the home of the Movietone News. There are now no means, other than those provided by a few societies, by which that portion of the film public which lends its support to the pictures, expecting something more than a popular entertainment, may be encouraged to continue its serious interest. The primary object of the Film Group is to provide a means for the unification of their common desires.

It is highly important for the welfare of the cinema as a whole that such a project as this should be encouraged, for in no other art to-day is there so much dross and so little gold as in the cinema. The little gold that there is is often available for the enjoyment of the discerning public for too short a time, and sometimes, particularly in the case of the Soviet Russian pictures, not available at all. The establishment of a permanent theatre wherein may be shown films which are not to be seen generally, and others which would bear revival would be a giant stride in the right direction.

It is hoped to acquire a theatre in the West End of London early in the new year, and later, to lease others in the provinces. Such theatres will be open to the general public at the usual hours and prices; but there is a further side to the enterprise of the Film Group for those whose interest is academic. For a nominal annual sum they will be able to buy seats at a cheaper rate and will have the use of a club room which will be situated in the theatre itself, where they will have access to a bureau which will provide them with trustworthy information concerning the whereabouts, hire and history of any film. They will also receive a programme of films, on exhibition or to be shown, which will contain enough detail to serve for future reference.

For the profits to be gathered from the enterprise the Film Group has other objects in view, the most important, I think, being to preserve copies of such film "classics" as are in danger of ceasing to exist. That this danger is more real perhaps than some people believe was made apparent a short time ago, when the Avenue Pavilion wished to revive that fine picture, 'Warning Shadows,' and a damaged positive was all that they could discover.

The cinema to-day is more important sociologically than any other form of art, and those who realize this should associate themselves with this movement and help it to attain its objects by offering their support.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—IX

A. In accordance with the suggestion of a recent correspondent, the SATURDAY REVIEW offers Three Prizes of Ten Guineas, Six Guineas, and Four Guineas for the best sermons submitted, either by clergy or laity.

The sermons may be devotional, doctrinal, ethical, pastoral or expository; but not polemical. Any sermon attacking any sect or denomination will be disqualified.

Sermons submitted should be not more than 2,000 words in length (exclusive of the text and any references to, or quotations from, scriptural or other authorities, which it may be necessary to include. The text should be set at the head of the sermon; other references should be placed in footnotes).

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym; and their essays must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found on the last page of this or subsequent issues. Every effort will be made to return contributions if a stamped addressed envelope be sent, but the SATURDAY REVIEW can accept no responsibility for MSS. lost or delayed in the post.

The closing date for this Competition will be Monday, January 26. It is hoped to announce the results early in March.

B. A youthful divinity, stung by the coldness of the lady he adores, purchases a lipstick, intending to present it to her with the pathetic message that it at least may touch what he may only look at. On reflection, however, it occurs to him that his sentiments would be more effective in verse than in prose; but since he is unhappily incapable of poetry, the SATURDAY REVIEW offers a Prize of Two Guineas for the best set of amatory verses on this subject.

For this Competition no coupons are required.

The closing date for this Competition will be Monday, December 8. The result will be announced in the issue of December 20.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

The report of the judges of this competition has now been received, and the results will be published next week.

RESULT OF COMPETITION VI

B. The end of the world, so often prophesied, is definitely announced for Monday, December 1, and this time, for reasons which do not concern us at the moment, the whole world believes it. The stock and provision markets slump still further; house and real estate agents are in despair. These matters, again, do not concern us. But the newspapers are still published, and, the day before the date announced for the end of the world, the 'Observer' appears as usual. The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of One Guinea and a Half, and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the two opening paragraphs—or, if preferred, the opening and final paragraphs—of Mr. Garvin's ten-column survey of the prospect, entitled, 'To Be or Not to be?'

JUDGE'S REPORT

Mr. Garvin's style is apparently more difficult to imitate than one had supposed, for the standard of the entries was not high, while some competitors seem to have been baffled rather by the subject with which the Editor of the Observer had to deal. On the whole, those entries which consisted of the opening and final paragraphs were better than those that attempted two opening ones. T. E. Casson alone essayed to describe how the end of the world was to be brought about, but his explanation was more ingenious than convincing. Bluebird began well, but

her last sentences were sheer bathos. James Hall and Walter Harrison are highly commended. I have no hesitation in awarding the first prize to Sir Duncan Grey, and the second to L. V. Upward.

FIRST PRIZE

NOTE.—What the whole world believes, Mr. J. L. Garvin, being in permanent opposition, will of necessity disbelieve.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

I.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

To-morrow the curtain will be rung up, if panic-prompted prophets and palsied pundits are to be credited, on the ultimate and intensest act of the vast drama of human history, and the whole visible world of material things, as we know it, will, within twenty-four hours, go up, as did the Cities of the Plain, in a confused cloud of dubious smoke. Yet, as we showed last week, the question still remains to be debated between the cooler minds and the calmer intelligences—and some such must remain amid the mêlée of muddle and the welter of incoherence—whether or not the cataclysm that threatens to overwhelm the accumulated civilizations of fifty thousand years is entirely inevitable.

To be or not to be? That is the vital interrogation, the paramount enquiry.

II

THE INEVITABILITY OF RECONSTRUCTION

Against timid tinkering and trumpety titivation we have stood invariably like adamant rock. Reconstruction in its broadest sense has been our urgent and unchanging advice. Therefore at this supremely critical test of all that is little or great in mankind, we still, resolutely set our faces like hardest flint against both fanatical fatalism and pusillanimous poltroonery.

Reconstruction on a large scale is now forced to the front as the only course left. Too long have some of our contemporaries, blind to all the significant meaning of pregnant events, and deaf to the footfall of authentic Messiahs, lent countenance to a policy of fumble, fribble and fozzle.

Speaking with full and intimate perception of its far-reaching and reverberating importance, we utter now and here to the frightened and frenetic multitude a counsel of implacable determination. Surely, even though the monstrous clock of doom is deemed by hysterical pseudo-scientists to be ticking its final midnight, and the vibrant bells in the steeples of the Universe clanging their last mad tocsin, yet the dynamic power of our race, concentrated and revealed as never before in the mesmeric personality and vivid genius of Mr. Lloyd George, will find a swift and sudden means of salvation from impending annihilation. By his incomparable energy and inspired audacity, Mr. Lloyd George saved the world once, and he will save it a second time.

We propose very briefly to-day, and at full leisure next week, to show how that miraculous and yet, as we believe, destined deliverance will be accomplished.

DUNCAN GREY

SECOND PRIZE

I

The question before us appears at first sight to be one of elementary, almost ridiculous, simplicity. The two alternatives—complete annihilation within twenty-four hours, or no change whatsoever in the physical condition and position of the earth—would seem to be clear-cut and, as a subject of discussion, unprofitable. But this simplicity is superficial. Those who

accept it at its face value are bowing the knee to fatalism, the creed of the weak-minded. We must look more closely.

II

So, first things first. Let us have no hand nor part in making inadequate preparations to meet the problematical disaster. But, if an ounce of backbone or a spark of pride is left to British manhood, let us squarely face the inevitable horrors—the universal poverty, the starvation, the chaos—which, bad as they are now, will be multiplied a thousand times before the year is out, should the world survive.

L. V. UPWARD

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

THE FUTURE OF THE PEACE TREATIES

SIR,—Had Lord Rothermere taken the trouble to read the article to which he objects, not, of course, on his own account, he would have realized not only that it was distinctly favourable to Hungarian claims, but also that it did not accuse him of saying that the restoration of Hungary's pre-war frontiers was possible. You said that his campaign had induced the Hungarians to hope for such a restoration, which is a very different thing.

However, your readers can only be grateful to you for having elicited such a characteristic example of his lordship's charming epistolary style.

I am, etc.,

Beaminstor

PHILIP HADDON

'SAMOA UNDER THE SAILING GODS'

SIR,—After reading Mr. Shane Leslie's interesting review in last week's issue about Samoa, I may perhaps mention I had a long talk with Rupert Brooke when he dined with me in July, 1914, just after returning from his trip round the world. He was enthusiastic about the German Government of Samoa and I remember being surprised, for up to then I had ignorantly supposed that German colonists were usually inefficient and always inhumane.

I am, etc.,

9 New Square, W.C.2

E. S. P. HAYNES

'WANTED: NEW THINKING'

SIR,—While agreeing generally with the reasons adduced in your excellent leading article for 'New Thinking' in last week's issue, I must take exception to your criticism of the Bishop of Durham's recent address in regard to unemployment.

It was my privilege and pleasure to be present on the occasion when Dr. Henson dealt with this serious situation, and my own impression was that it was a masterly and statesmanlike exposure of the evils attending the dole system as administered by the present Government.

Your analogy of what happened eventually to "the original Lazarus" is most inappropriate and really without meaning, since the conditions of the two examples are so widely different.

I am, etc.,

Wallington, Surrey

ERNEST JAMES

[Lazarus appears to have lived permanently on a dole. The parable implies that the benefits were uncovenanted; it contains no suggestion that he was "genuinely seeking work" from Dives.—ED. S.R.]

LONDON BEGGARS

SIR,—In your protest against the number of beggars in London streets you say that no country in the world makes such provision for the poor as this country.

This remark is not original. Almost the exact words were used by no less a person than Mr. Podsnap.

The truth of the statement cannot be denied, in fact it is nothing to boast about, for to use the words of Dr. Johnson: "a decent provision for the poor is the true test of civilization"; nevertheless, a man was recently found starved to death on Streat-ham Common; a woman committed suicide at Brighton because she could not earn more than 6s. per week by knitting socks; a miner, who invested his life's savings in a fried-fish business which failed was refused the dole; and about two hundred homeless people sleep behind the Admiralty Arch every night, or did a few months ago.

These cases have all recently been reported in the Press—little items of news that have managed to evade the rigid censorship on gloomy news by the Press dictators, i.e., the advertisers.

I have nothing to say for or against street beggars, but for Heaven's sake let us be honest and not express a hypocritical astonishment at the number in our streets.

I am, etc.,

N.W.4

FREDERICK WILLIS

REFORM THE NATIONAL ACCOUNTS

SIR,—Probably I am only one of many who will write to point out that the L.C.C.'s borrowing of a million to extend its tramways system is far from being the same transaction as the L.G.O.C.'s borrowing of a similar sum to add to its bus services.

If the L.C.C. were to attempt to borrow any sum whatever, the only security for the interest being the earning capacity of their tramways, the issue, at any moderate rate of interest, would be a complete failure, just as it would with almost any other municipal trading undertaking.

What justifies the application of the word "Debt" to any Municipal or Government Loan, even for what is intended to be a revenue-producing undertaking, is the fact that, however ill-conceived or mismanaged the enterprise may be, the lenders have the additional security of the rates or taxes. There is no parallel to this in the terms of issue, by a commercial company, of share or loan capital.

With regard to the Road Fund, its income could quite fairly be applied, as suggested by your correspondent, wholly to the payment of interest on loans to be spent on additional roads and bridges if:

(1) The roads when made would keep themselves in repair.

(2) The various spending departments, other than the Ministry of Transport, recognized that they had no claim to any part of the Road Fund.

(3) The roads were certain never to be superseded by other forms of transport.

I am, etc.,

Fowey

CHARLES M. HANBIDGE

THE SPANISH CRISIS

SIR,—I hope you will permit me to correct an unfortunate and erroneous impression that must have been caused by two paragraphs referring to Spain in your issue of last week. You state that "the cost of living and taxation *per capita* are higher than in England and wages are lower." According to figures supplied by a distinguished British economist, the latest taxation returns show that in England the *per capita* rate is £15 13s. 10d., as against, approximately, £4 10s. for Spain. This being so, it follows that wages can afford

to be lower, since, of course, money has a greater purchasing power and the cost of living must naturally tend to be lower.

May I point out also that your statement "the root of Spain's troubles is, of course, economic, and not political at all" does not conform to the actual facts? As I stated recently in public, Spain has no exterior debt and an insignificant floating debt. There is virtually no unemployment and the country enjoys an increasing revenue. The adverse trade balance for the first nine months of 1930 amounted to £8,600,000, compared with the figure of £22,500,000 for 1929. Exports continue to show an upward trend, while imports are declining.

Finally, may I quote an important sentence from the report published by your own Department of Overseas Trade on 'Economic Conditions in Spain,' dated June, 1930, and written by Mr. Alexander Adams, the British Commercial Secretary in Madrid, which says: "At the moment of writing there seems nothing in the economic situation of Spain to cause disquiet"?

I am, etc.,

MERRY DEL VAL

(Spanish Ambassador)

24 Belgrave Square, S.W.1

[The Ambassador's letter is an important contribution to the discussion, but we feel that certain considerations which influenced us in the writing of the paragraphs were not present to his mind. Two years ago the Madrid *Científico* estimated that each inhabitant of Spain contributed on an average twenty per cent. of his income in rates and taxes, or about the same amount as in England; since then rates and taxes have risen far more in Spain than in this country. So far as wages are concerned, the unskilled workman receives 4-8 pesetas for an eight-hour day, the semi-skilled 6-10 pesetas, and the skilled 10-15 pesetas; as the peseta is worth less than 6d., and the cost of living is higher than in England, the Spanish workman appears to be worse off than the English. Nor is it easy to agree with the Ambassador's statement that his country's troubles are political, and not economic. To say this seems to throw the blame upon the King and the monarchical system.—Ed. S.R.]

THE DUNCES' CHARTER

SIR,—The writer of the article on 'The Dunces' Charter' is to be commended on his very able exposition of true educational principles as outlined in the first part of his essay, but is open to serious criticism in his analysis of the 'Education Bill 1930' in the latter part.

To give greater educational opportunity to the masses means two things: (1) prolonging what is indeed their happiest years; (2) delaying their advent into industry. A measure which is designed in its broadest sense to do these things cannot fail to secure popular support. Experience has shown that all educational reforms of the past have been criticized on the same grounds as this one, and the historian will surely prove that the present Bill has not been an exception, by virtue of its ability to endure through the storms of influential opposition.

The noble Earl should not take it upon himself to determine the measure of success of our educational work. Those who visit our schools professionally, those who interview men for important appointments will testify to the intelligence and knowledge of our children to-day. He must, indeed, be lacking in vision who fails to note the brighter, happier atmosphere of our schools compared with those of even thirty years ago. If the new Bill was designed to make our children enter into some depressing soul-destroying factory at the age of 14, or, generally speaking, to detract from their future potential good

to the nation, then opposition to it might meet with righteous approval. Having as its aim, however, to uplift not to depress, to enhance not to stifle, to encourage not to discourage, the new Bill is sure to succeed, whatever the cost may be.

I am, etc.,

Watford

G. S. MASON

THE PRESERVATION OF ANTIQUITIES

SIR,—I wonder what the extreme modernists in sculpture will have to say to the glowing words uttered by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in praise of the Anglo-American Oil Company's successful conversion of a Queen Anne building into up-to-date modern offices?

Lovers of England and English things will assuredly echo the words of praise. It was just after the Armistice that the finest architectural sites in England, and, to a lesser degree, Scotland and Ireland and Wales, began to be littered with buildings like cotton mills, square, straight, pseudo-efficient and undeniably hideous. No one, to be just, not even a modern poet, has ever claimed beauty for the new structures. All that has ever been said for them is that they were in the style of erections now going up in the United States, Sweden, Austria, Czechoslovakia or some other foreign country.

That is always enough for the sheep who are our modern generation. It is well that they should be reminded that Queen Anne, after all, is not dead.

I am, etc.,

ALFRED PRAGA

FREE CHESS

SIR,—Nobody would dare to claim that the standardized form of chess is perfect and immutable. It is, historically speaking, a quite recent compromise between various closely allied systems of force-units, moving on a plane, and it contains some curious but delightful inconsistencies, such as stalemate. Nobody, therefore, should blame your correspondent for his letter on "free chess" (as he calls it), in which he describes his experiments in the interchange or omission of some of the chess pieces. But he is not the inventor.

Free chess is an ancient relaxation among amateurs, and even masters of the normal game. One of these bedevilments, King, Queen and pawns only on each side, is very familiar; I may mention the allied arrangements of King and pawns only on each side, and of King and Queen against King and pawns. Possibly, but improbably, the first-mentioned stunt, King, Queen, six Bishops and the pawns, against King, Queen, six Rooks and the pawns, is a novelty. What is a novelty is his conclusion, from the result of a single trial of these units, that the Bishop is as strong as the Rook in the normal game; that all the experts and all the chess manuals of all the generations are wrong. If we must apply the empirical method of proof, I fear that the experience of some millions of games, won by the "exchange" (the gain of a Rook for Bishop or Knight) weighs the odds too heavily against this pronouncement. It may be that a beatitude of six Bishops will win by their superior early mobility against the Rookery, but before admitting even that, one would like a wider range of experiment than one game, in which the convocation was conducted against a slightly inferior opponent, as A. W. T. describes the partner of his schemes.

Let us examine the question on logical lines, throwing overboard an almost infinite experience. The strength of a chess unit varies from moment to moment in any game, if you measure it by its present mobility only. In this respect, the pawn, on the first move, is stronger than the Queen, and the Bishop, in the early stages of a game, surpasses the Rook. But this does not last long. When normal development is com-

pleted (within, let us say, a dozen moves), the Rook controls about as many squares as the Bishop; as the game opens up, his range increases more and more, while the Bishop's powers hardly vary at all. In a pawn ending, the Rook, with every square of the board as a possible mark, does terrible damage to the opposing pawns, which can often be made perfectly safe against a Bishop, confined to thirty-two squares of the same colour. Next, put the Rook on any square of a vacant board, and note that he has a choice of fourteen squares, in every case; and then see that the Bishop's choice lies between seven and thirteen, giving him a much lower average range. Should he object, to this test, that the board never is empty, let him apply the principle to any middle game or end-game position of a reasonable kind. I had better not mention Castling, that double shuffle of King and Rook, invented just to help the development of my protégé; for corner Bishops, glaring fiercely down the centre aisles, require no such adventitious aid. But I must point out that a King and Rook can deliver mate, while a King and Bishop cannot.

All these instances go to prove that it is not the early mobility, but the potential power of a piece that must be reckoned, in any estimate of comparative values. I give in to A. W. T. that a single Rook cannot win an end game against the best defence of a single Bishop, but if there are also pawns on the board, which is extremely probable, his lordship must eventually lay down his crozier. Let me repeat, without malice, the final words of A. W. T.'s letter: "Try it and see."

I am, etc.,

BRIAN HARLEY

SIR,—In my opinion the English method of playing draughts makes a dull game and cannot compare with the game as it is generally played on the Continent. Under Continental rules a "man" can take backwards as well as forwards and a "king" can take at a distance. In fact, his taking powers are similar to that of a bishop in chess.

I have tried "Draughtsman's" suggestion about eliminating huffing and do not think it improves the Continental game.

I am, etc.,

Westminster, S.W.1

C. C. PEARSON

THE JEANS GOD

SIR,—In your issue of November 8, I noted your comment on Sir James Jeans's Rede lecture at Cambridge, in which he referred to God as "He—or rather It—is a Spirit of Pure Mathematics." This being true, then God is Law (for mathematics is law in itself) and as Law God could have no Will.

So much has been said and written about the Will of God, that it gives rise to the question of—What is the Will of God?—and if we are to accept Sir James Jeans, then we are face to face with the fact that God has no Will independent of man.

To definitely state that God has no Will, naturally leaves many things to explain, particularly in the teachings of Jesus, and still all of his teachings can be explained in the light of God as Law, and without a will. It is written that God is changeless, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, no variableness or shadow of turning. Does this not imply, God is Law?

We accept God as being Omnipresent, all the presence there is. In other words—God is All. Now, since God is All, containing All within Himself, what is there for Him to will for? For to will, implies separation. You might say He wills that man should express Him perfectly. This brings us to the perfection of God. Since God is perfect, He could only express Himself perfectly, as he knows no opposite. Hence, man in the eyes of God is perfect, for God sees only the perfect man. "The eyes of God are too pure to look upon evil."

and cannot behold iniquity." It is just as impossible for perfection to see imperfection, as for Light to see Darkness, for when the light appears, darkness disappears.

To say God as All has a Will is equal to saying there is a separation in God, so let us try to determine if God as All could need a Will. Being All, anything He could will for He already has, and being perfect, with no opposite, anything He could will to be He already is. He need not will to be somewhere, because He is Omnipresent. He need not will to do anything, for everything is complete in Him. So God being All, perfect and complete within Himself, what could He possibly will for?

Realizing that the thought of God as a loving Father is a source of comfort to many, it might be well to add here that, to say God is Law is equal to saying that God is Love, for Love is the fulfilment of the Law. And the Love of the Law to serve man is far greater than any human father's love, because it even gave Its Will to the son, in order that It could never use a will to withhold any good thing from Him.

I am, etc.,

Strand Theatre, W.C.2 GARLAND ANDERSON

' BIRTH CONTROL '

SIR,—I am surprised that the factor of intention has not been considered in the discussion of this subject from the Roman Catholic point of view; especially as it is a doctrine of such fundamental importance.

There is intention both in the avoidance of the one period and the utilization of the other. The intention is to avoid conception clearly. Can this be essentially sinless in Father Davis's eyes?

I am, etc.,

Headington ERNEST S. THOMAS

SIR,—Turning over an old number of the *Commonwealth* I find the following passage in an article by Dr. Mary Scharlieb:

Artificial contraceptives are wrong, morally, medically, rationally. They tend to increase existing oversexuality, they diminish natural joy and spontaneity, they injure the nervous system of husband and wife and sometimes they cause sepsis, occasionally death.

The distinguished specialist gave this opinion in October, 1923. The present is a time to recall it. It will scarcely be pleaded by any apologist for contraceptives that, as a woman's opinion, it is so far to be discounted. I have read no authoritative ecclesiastical pronouncement unequivocally consonant with it except that made by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

I am, etc.,

WATKIN WILLIAMS

Great Malvern

SIR,—May I once more intrude in this correspondence?

Firstly, I must acknowledge the justness of Mr. J. S. Hall's comments on my letter in your issue of November 15. It is true that Christ, as a Jew, may have had intimate knowledge of the question of birth control. The fact remains that His teachings contain no actual pronouncement on the subject, and consequently since the dogma of the Catholic Church has no official connexion with the Jewish religion as it then was, it is obvious that Christ, as a direct authority for the doctrines of the Christian Churches to-day, must be left out of the question.

Secondly, the discussion between Fr. Davis and Dr. Stopes has appeared unsatisfactory. Fr. Davis seems to find it incompatible with his position as Jesuit professor of Moral Theology to expound the doctrines of his Church in public; yet herein lies the cause of much recent misunderstanding. When one recollects that the whole Catholic faith is founded on the belief that we

are all created for the greater glory of God and that this is ultimately the sole reason of our existence, it is easy to understand why, when the question of birth control is raised, a Catholic spontaneously says: "We want more and more babies, all living for the greater glory of God (and, incidentally, all potentially good Catholics), hence we must increase and multiply."

Also, at the back of every Catholic's mind there is, apart from the ambition that his Church shall ultimately include the entire population of the earth, an urgent desire to increase its numbers as rapidly as possible, particularly in these times of widespread scepticism and materialistic thought. This may appear irreconcilable with the Catholic approval of chastity as a particularly heroic virtue, but it must be remembered that the Church, while taking good care not to encourage universal celibacy, does maintain that marriage is never to be regarded as a source of pleasure, but simply as the only means of continuing the human race.

I am, etc.,

R. P. BLATCHLEY

Exeter College, Oxford

SIR,—Why should any reasonable person take what Fr. Henry Davis, S.J., says as being universally true of the Roman Catholic Church, when he flatly contradicts what other Roman Catholic authorities say? Take his letter in your issue of November 22. He says: "She [Dr. Marie Stopes] writes of Roman Catholic methods of birth control: there are none," whereas I hold in my hands a newspaper cutting in which Father Hugh of the Sacred Heart Church, Leicester, says explicitly: "The Church does not ask every woman to have thirteen children. We teach birth control ourselves, but these proposed clinics are not going to teach our methods, or I would have nothing but praise for them."

There are many other points in which Father Davis is at variance with other members of his own Church.

May I say a word to your correspondent Mr. James S. Hall? The object of my original letter on this subject was to deny the truth of Cardinal Bourne's statement that birth control has always been condemned by the Roman Catholic Church. The argument in the correspondence has throughout been somewhat blurred by the fact that the Editor has cut out of my letters all reference to another method permitted by the Roman Catholic Church.

I am, etc.,

MARIE C. STOPES

Hindhead

[Most of the letters in this controversy have been curtailed, not necessarily always for reasons of space.—Ed. S.R.]

ROAD RACING IN RICHMOND PARK

SIR,—Earl Howe has written to *Auto* and states that Richmond Park "could easily be made absolutely ideal" for road racing. He also says that the public would have to be excluded for one day. For how long would racing motorists be content with one day's racing? This is only the thin edge of the wedge to start motor racing in our lovely park, and he also says that the deer would have to be taken away.

I never heard of such a proposal as wanting to turn our beautiful park into a second Brooklands, and I am quite sure that we can depend upon our House of Commons to throw out such a horrible proposal which they would have to sanction before it could be used for such a purpose.

Richmond Park is for the enjoyment of all classes, and not for one class only, and we will not tolerate the park being closed to the public for even one day for the benefit of Earl Howe and his fellow racing motorists.

I am, etc.,

J. M. K. LUPTON

THE "SATURDAY" CROSS WORD PUZZLE—IV

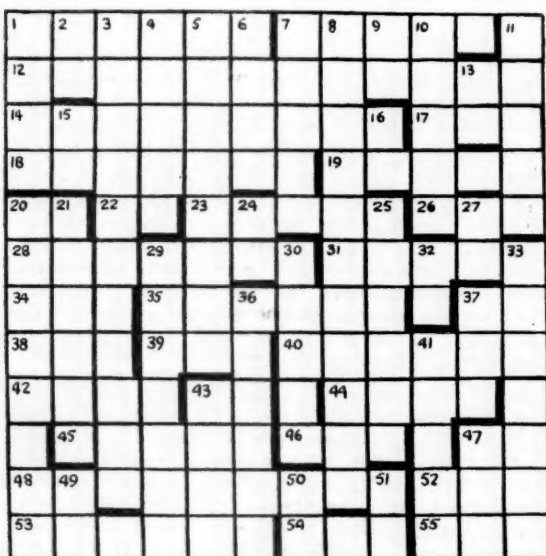
"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

BY MOPO

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution, together with the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

NOTE.—Two lines from Tennyson are hidden in the puzzle. The words to which no clues are given occur in the quotation.



QUOTATION.

Across

CLUES.

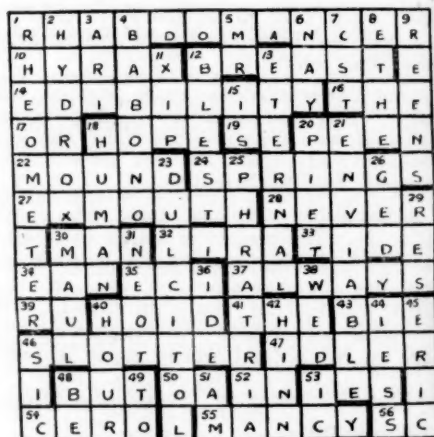
1. —
7. "And in those holes, where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, as 'twere in — of eyes, reflecting gems."
12. Ray, Curtiss, and Lubbock were prominent British examples of me.
14. My teeth are rooted like the crocodile's.
17. Keep me away from 37a lest I fall into deceit.
18. The "pep" in me enables a man to eat a good dinner without fear.
19. A town in Cambridgeshire.
20. I am frequently with right's number.
22. I have to be joined to 32 and 37a before you can isolate me.
23. Simon Glover traded with the Highlanders for me.
26. I am usually called definite.
28. My rays are much used in modern diagnosis.
31. Like 17 if I get too near 37a I tend to deceive.
34. Nothing could make me describe Sir Bedivere fitly.
35. I started as a frolic but resulted in violence.
37. See 17, 22, 31 and 47a.
38. With the reverse of 50 I become epic.
39. A fellow might take me and make a hat.
40. Of a rare metal found in certain yttrium minerals.
42. Grub that might turn into a baby horse.
43. I'm great in rank already, but if I swallow 2 I become greater still.
44. I am sure I must be clever or you might have found me before.

45. 10's opposite.
46. See 49.
47. I'm famous for kicking and obstinacy when I'm in from of 37a.
48. Not conceded.
52. Hath was superseded by me.
53. When I seize on to 47d I become a Moorish pirate.
54. I should be moderately slow if before came after.
55. My addition makes a foe of me.

Down.

1. —
2. See 43a.
3. Some people think every magistrate should be me.
4. "I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a — of them two hours together."
5. If I swallow my own tail it would be eating raw flesh.
6. You must go in for a little exam. at Oxford here.
7. A system of manual instruction.
8. —
9. A man departing from Royalty might do this.
10. — (three times).
11. A ray of light which comes to an end in season.
13. Turn us over to remedy inversion.
15. I'm just anybody with 47d.
16. It takes me to make a volume of me.
20. This sounds as though it might have been liver that produced a Creakle.
21. —
24. See 51.
25. An English county.
27. A common pencil.
29. "It is known as the Shamrock of Ireland."
30. I and 50 are things to be specially observed.
32. —, and see 22.
33. —
36. To make a bubbling sound.
37. If you enjoy a little literature read me.
41. "Except they meant to — in reeking wounds, Or memorize another Golgatha, I cannot tell."
43. You must bend me to my across if he does swallow 2.
47. See 15 and 53.
49. When I go out before 46, I'm "Dobody but Bis Dadsy."
50. See 30 and 38.
51. If I swallow 24 that will make me have ceased to exist.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 2



HIDDEN QUOTATION.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest."

Pope.

NOTES.

Across.

17. Or(ge)d.
22. M. Arnold, 'Sohrab and Rustum.'
32. Aril reversed.
33. 'In Memoriam,' xxi.
35. 'Hamlet,' III, 1.
39. Ru(ble).
56. Sc(reens) and Sc(amble).

Down.

2. Hydrox (ide).
3. Ari(se).
4. Baboon.
5. M(e)r(an).
6. 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' II, 2.
7. C(oa)st.
11. Xip(hoid).
29. Res(ide).
31. Neot(eric).
38. Wed = a security; Wed(ge), pressed closely.
40. Hour(is).
42. Hinn(ies).
53. Two thirds of "ice."

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 2

The winner is Miss Norah M. Butterfield, "Etain," Gail Links Road, Westward Ho!, Devon, who has selected for her prize 'Collected Short Stories of "Saki,"' (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). The next ten correct solutions opened were sent by: Miss Raper, Upper Lake, Battle, Sussex; Col. T. Lyon, 8 Powis

Gardens, Kensington; Cyril E. Ford, 5 Farnan Road, Streatham; Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Margate; Miss D. M. Jackson, 12 Waverley Road, Liverpool; Lady Duke, 29 Sheffield Terrace, Kensington; Mrs. Wilson Frazer, 6 College Gardens, Dulwich; G. Fairholme, 80 Drayton Gardens, S.W.10; G. E. Matheson, Booheries Vean, Carbis Bay, Cornwall; Mrs. V. Cooper, 19 Beech House Road, East Croydon.

The following had one error: Miss Stuart, The Cottage, Farleigh Castle, Bath; Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Knightly Grange, Stafford; Miss R. C. Burley, Wyck-Rissington, Stow-on-Wold; Mrs. E. H. Fatkin, Oakfield House, Rothwell Haigh.

IN GENERAL

PIERRE LASSERRE died in Paris a week or so back. Perhaps there is small matter for surprise that no notice of his death was taken (so far as I saw) in the British Press, as his critical work was not known to any wide circle in this country. Only one, indeed, of his books has appeared in English—a study of the spirit of French music. This is, in its way, a book of remarkable interest, and one that is marked throughout with all the decisiveness and clarity of Lasserre's judgments; but it hardly has the wide sweep of its author's more generalized criticism, and it is a pity that English readers had not a chance of knowing his stimulating gifts in their amplest form. For he had, among many talents, one which is none too common among English critics—the faculty of raising criticism of works of literature to a criticism of living forces in the world, whether of the past or the present. He could see that literary disputes, or at least the essential ones, were not mere bickerings of bookmen, but were revelatory of deep intellectual or spiritual antinomies which must ultimately affect the governing principles of morality, the social and political structure, civilization itself. His power of clarifying and arguing the rights and wrongs of these antinomies was no mean one. Pierre Lasserre, as one of the spear-heads of the anti-Romantic forces in modern French thought, earned the gratitude of many Frenchmen who now, coming to their maturity, see him justified by facts and time. To a much smaller number of readers and writers over here he was also a formative influence. And one of these would offer, however inadequately, a tribute of gratitude and farewell.

To survey his work as a whole would hardly be possible in short compass. But its ground-plan was laid out so boldly and clearly in what was almost his first book, that a fair idea of its scope and implications can be had by recalling its outline. Lasserre's lengthy study of 'Le Romantisme Français' appeared—one might almost say exploded, for its detonation was formidable—in 1907. The book was written while he was still in his early thirties, and was submitted as a thesis for a doctorate to the Faculty of Arts at the Sorbonne. In it, as a recent writer on this trend of French thought has remarked, "all the ideals and idols of Romanticism and the Republic, all the standards and achievements, the promises and hopes of nineteenth-century ideology were outraged, discredited and pilloried with an asperity that would have appeared insolent, had it been less earnest in tone, less deliberate in method." And certainly, twenty-three years ago, it called for no small courage, or certainty, or preparation, to denounce in such surroundings the official Republican tradition—the upholder of the glory of the great Revolution, of the concepts of Progress, Science, Freedom of Thought, in their widest and windiest senses!

For Romanticism, as Lasserre saw it, and as many of us now have come to see it, was very far from being merely a passing fashion in books, paintings, music, or even morals. It was, in his view, a force capable of affecting human judgments and sentiments of every kind, moral, political, religious, æsthetic, and metaphysical, indeed "a certain essential disposition of the human soul itself, a disposition which of necessity leaves its impress on every affective or intellectual

manifestation of the soul which is under its governance." Thus, when Lasserre observed that to the Romantics (those "highbrows" who imposed the colour of their thought on society for two or three generations after their own comparatively brief period), the French Revolution appeared as "a universal and mystic event, a divine revelation that fundamentally altered the ancient order of human affairs," he was able to follow up the tracks of many forces working to delude modern man. He did so fearlessly. He did not shrink from attacking the orthodox, *bien pensant* leaders in literature, learning or politics, right in their most sensitive spots. And he gave them a formidable case to answer—one which, he was able very fairly to claim twelve or fifteen years later, had never been really rebutted.

At random I open his book, to find a characteristic passage on this very theme. It is worth transcribing, in rough translation. The Revolution, he says:

according to the common reading of the Romantics, is a revelation and a miracle, but a revelation with neither a God nor a Messiah, and a miracle without a miracle-worker. Or rather, God and Messiah and miracle-worker are here humanity itself, at once the active force, the subject and the object of the miracle. We are concerned not with the elect of humanity, but with humanity as multitude. . . .

And for a mind that takes the trouble to think, notions such as Right, Justice, Reason, Liberty, Fraternity, are incomprehensible without their contraries. They express various aspects of order which the enlightened will and nobler tendencies of mankind, upheld by religion, moral rule and law, strive to make prevail over the natural reign of Force, Violence, Instinct, Stupidity and Envy. This order is neither nature nor the negation of nature. It is the organization of nature. An organization necessarily imperfect, and one which, like the Cartesian "continuous creation," is preserved only by action, an unbroken action. For, if Violence and Blindness, Envy and Brutality, are all part of human nature, then the warfare that is waged on behalf of good in all its forms, whether by the individual will, or by the disciplines and general institutions directing it, a warfare against these powers of disorder and destruction, is one that will end only when humanity itself shall end.

Yet things are far otherwise in the Romantic-Revolutionary vision. There, Right and Justice, Liberty and Fraternity, and in general all moral, religious or political concepts, appear as so many nebulous absolutes, so many wandering entities, untrammelled by any difficulties of realization and seeming to rise spontaneously from the void, to become, by their own virtue, the whole.

There is, of course, much else in Lasserre's study of Romanticism besides the development of his attack on the received ideas of nineteenth-century democracy. In that aspect of his work particularly, his debt to the formative ideas of his more prominent compatriot, Charles Maurras, is fairly obvious. But he was far from harping on one string. The book contains a wide variety of stimulating criticism, and its sketches of such figures as Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Michelet, George Sand, Victor Hugo and Renan cannot fail to be read with enjoyment, whatever one may think for oneself of their justice.

Clarity, of course, has its pitfalls for the critic; and sometimes Lasserre failed in his eagerness to detect them. He hated the German cloudiness which obscured the dry clear light of Latinity, and sometimes was blind to the fructifying strength that really lay within them. But for two things at least we may be lastingly grateful to him: for his brilliant analysis of the mystagogue view of Progress and Science; and for his consistent refusal to let criticism be trammelled by that tiresome and fallacious tag, *De gustibus non disputandum*. For taste, above all else, is the thing that should and must be disputed. It reflects a fundamental disposition of soul and mind; and the function of serious criticism must surely be the deep analysis of taste, in past days or present.

QUINCUNX

NEW NOVELS

The Misted Mirror. By Henry Daniel-Rops.

Translated by R. H. Mottram. Secker. 7s. 6d.

A Night in Kurdistan. By Jean-Richard Bloch.

Translated by S. H. Guest. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Tommy Picton and Certain Women. By E. H.

Lacon-Watson. Herbert. 7s. 6d.

Ten Days' Wonder. By Muriel Hine. The

Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

Morning Sorrow. By John Rothenstein. Constable. 6s.

Experts are Puzzled. By Laura Riding. Cape. 6s.

WHEN a novelist comes forward to recommend somebody else's novel he forthwith becomes fair game for his new colleagues, the critics. Take, for instance, the preface which Mr. R. H. Mottram has contributed to his translation of M. Daniel-Rops's first novel:

Blaise Orlier, its hero, is not a "nice" boy. His national language contains no word to translate that most English of adjectives, his philosophy of life has no equivalent for the facile compromise and worship of Good Form it denotes. . . . No one of essentially English character could possibly take up the attitude Blaise is described as adopting towards a parent, some colleagues, several women, the Occult and God . . . if you find not a little extraordinary the fact that we do not really grasp how the French arrive at their philosophy of life, this book may give you some clue to the solution of your perplexities.

Such sentiments would do credit to an after-dinner speaker who naturally confines himself to generalities since his auditors have been presumably rendered by wine and cigar—I will not say insensible—but, at least, impervious to the tedium of rhetoric. It is true that Mr. Mottram particularizes by stating that M. Daniel-Rops belongs to the parts of France most remote from us, but there seems no reason why this eminently readable tale of a headstrong boy's expulsion from school, dabbling in spiritualism, strange mesmeric experiences, and the fate overhanging his doomed father should be singled out to seal the Entente. As a literary critic of repute M. Daniel-Rops can hardly imagine that the experiences of his hero would come as a staggering revelation to anyone but the rather nice, shy bank clerks who seem to populate the pages of Mr. Mottram's novels. Certainly the young men and women in 'The Misted Mirror' are made to talk a strangely hybrid slang, which, I presume, is intended to be colloquial and British.

If our social conventions seem stricter than the French, with some notable exceptions, English literature knows nothing like the canons of "good form" in taste and balance that govern French letters, for the most part. 'The Misted Mirror,' in fact, rather offends against precedent by its rambling structure, but is not otherwise representative of any marked experimentalism, nor does it presume to be. Really to get an idea of French literary "good form" one should read the attacks made on this novel by Aragon, for instance, one of the more virulent marksmen of invective among the manifesto-campaigners who label themselves "super-realists."

To do justice to the glowing periods of eloquence that throb with passion throughout 'A Night in Kurdistan' the reviewer would need the winged eloquence of a film caption writer. Saad, son of a Christian woman taken captive by a Moslem chieftain, has grown up as a young Kurdish bandit and is sent to spy, disguised as a merchant, upon a Nestorian village that his fellow warriors plan to pillage. Barter-

ing wares in the village to maintain the deception, he feels attracted to a beautiful young Christian girl but is seduced by the mother, whom he kills. Lured back by longing for the girl to the village his comrades had raided, he meets his fate in the vengeance of the villagers but is united with his beloved in death. Such a theme as you may gather from even so sober a paraphrase invites comparison with the bloodstained romance of Mátho in Flaubert's 'Salammbô,' rather to the advantage of the latter. But it is not for the austere countrymen of Colonel Lawrence to attempt to conjure up such raptures. Pale are the sheiks of Miss E. M. Hull beside the passionate warriors on whose ferocity M. Bloch's imagination loves to linger, and he is certainly well served by his translator.

The next two novels on our list would satisfy, one feels, Mr. Mottram's notion of what is "essentially English." Tommy Picton, for instance, escapes from a bank-clerkship to become manager of a country club after rescuing a fellow passenger from suicide at sea. A liaison with a married woman and his club secretaryship are cut short by blackmailers. Altogether there is plenty of humorous and sinister incident in this pleasant, straightforward tale, where love-making and tennis go hand-in-hand and the telling is marred by neither old-fashioned bravado nor new-fashioned bravado, even in the wartime passages describing how Tommy does his bit.

'Ten Days' Wonder' is an ingenious comedy in which Miss Muriel Hine has evidently intended to convey a hidden moral for those who read between the lines as they run through its pages. Sir Harry Bolle, shortly before the novel opens, must, I feel, have met that legendary Bright Young Person who, on being asked a question about the House of Commons, replied witheringly, "Oh, does That still go on?" For Sir Harry rides a hobby horse of theories about the failings of the younger generation, which, after he has fallen in and out of an engagement, enables him to be stalked down by the designing and sentimental Mrs. Myrom. The false clues which seem to lead up to the wrong people being affianced are laid with the deftness of a detective yarn.

The writing of 'Morning Sorrow' is on rather a more literary plane but hardly leaves an impression of a story that has happened of its own accord. Diana, the most educated of the three daughters of Tom Longford, the gardener of Lord Chalgrove's estate, becomes companion to Constance Chalgrove and through Diana's eyes we have glimpses of country-house life and the sensitive irresolution of Lord Chalgrove, whom repugnance to the grossness of certain aspects of political life had parted from a career. Mr. Rothenstein writes of the true inwardness of social differences with an insight and delicacy that will be a pleasure to all his readers, but he cannot quite make us feel that his reflections are Diana's, or that her suitor from the trade union world could ever have meant anything to her.

But why make up fiction at all? Our list this week closes with a challenge to novelists—a book of prose pieces in which I believe Miss Riding has found her proper medium for expressing the mood on which an inveterate storyteller would erect a superstructure of plot. For those who may remember her 'Poems; A Joking Word' as being "like Gertrude Stein, only different," I would mention that the nearest approach that I found to fiction-form among these pieces is 'Miss Banquett,' which may be read beside 'The Autobiography of Baal' in Mr. Robert Graves's last book. But 'Obsession' and 'Arista Manuscript' are better examples of her directness of approach. There is no suspicion here of that glutinously "poetic prose" which some novelists think so literary, nor yet of that strenuousness which marred, I thought, in 'Anarchism is not Enough,' an essay-form couched in what, for her, was almost "reviewer's English."

REVIEWS

PENGUINS AT HOME

The Island of Penguins. By Cherry Kearton. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

WE all sit up and take notice when penguins are to the fore. Novelists, satirists, travellers, Darwinians follow the trail. That almost classical book, 'The Worst Journey in the World,' by A. Cherry Garrard, is the story of how three men risked their lives and faced infinite labour to discover a particular penguin's egg and the embryo within it; and some of the descriptions were absorbed by Mr. H. G. Wells for literature that shared scientific, fictional and philosophic attributes. All this is evidence of the irresistible lure of this queer bird. The latest addition to penguin literature will both satisfy and whet the general curiosity. It is written in the sham-facetious humanistic manner that is an aversion to ornithologists, because of its perpetual suggestion of a false psychology. This trick of manner makes bad literature and bad science; and suggests the comic corner of a child's newspaper, though references to Mrs. Penguin and her paramour spoil it even for such a purpose. Nevertheless the book is saved from its adventitious humours by its essential qualities. A good and eager observer with much knowledge of birds has made a concentrated study of the biggest congregation of one species existing in the world; and he has sunk himself and his minor interests in the theme. The matter is so good that one can almost forget and forgive the skittish manner. The penguin wins; and the delightful photographs have none of the drawbacks of the language.

Mr. Kearton spent five months on what he calls the Island of Penguins, a few acres of rock, shrub and sand in the Atlantic off the Cape. He lived among some five million—such is his estimate—of Black-footed Penguins, and thousands of other birds, not to mention tortoises, seals, octopuses and sharks. Was ever a writer so overwhelmed with material?

Birds have developed, we are told, from water creatures. The penguin is unique in its form of counter-evolution. It outfishes the fish and can swim—by the agency of its ex-wings—a thousand miles at great speed, for the most part under the water. It almost bridges two genera, like the duck-billed Platypus, and has acquired habits and a mentality altogether peculiar, in every sense of the word. It has been delightfully said of birds that they could be much cleverer if they wanted to be. The penguin wants to be much cleverer than it is. Its master attribute is curiosity, but its energies are so absorbed in getting food and breeding chicks and its marital fidelity is so passionate that its general intelligence is a little subdued. The counter-evolution that is exemplified in the penguin tribe has not proceeded smoothly. The pairs may moult at the wrong time and the young therefore die. The fights and the thievery indicate a certain perversion. The wooing and the marital fidelity are on a high plane rather flimsily connected with the other lesser instincts. The bird is subject to both a physical and mental malaise. Its very tameness with man and sensitive shyness of lesser acquaintance are in curious contrast.

Mr. Kearton contributes a host of new facts of high interest as well as a medley of quaint gossip. He avers that the birds are so confidently aware of the approach of stormy weather that they swallow ahead an extra number of pebbles to act as ballast! His tale of their migrations and his suggestion about their means of communication should stimulate further enquiry. The slight references to other birds are full of suggestiveness, as of the pairs of gulls who co-operate in tactics for the stealing of eggs. The reviewer knew of a pair of black-headed gulls which could rob a seal of his fish

by similar co-operation. We have never had more salient examples of the rule, prevalent throughout the kingdom of birds, that thrice armed is he who knows his quarrel just. The rightful owner, or husband, always wins, whatever the odds. Mr. Kearton's account of a triangular duel lasting six hours or more is in itself a stirring epic, and full of suggestiveness as well. In general the sum of observation is enough to fill out a volume of three times the dimensions of this, which is, indeed, too short. We could have enjoyed a more detailed enquiry into the mind of the bird, and Darwinian topics as the struggle for life. The Penguin has certain likenesses to our guillemots, which are similarly bullied by the gulls and, as one may see on the coast of Spain, similarly destroyed by men for the sake of bait. One would rather not yield to Mr. Kearton's fear that the race of penguins is beginning to dwindle. The pairs live comparatively long—as long as a dog—they breed twice a year, they are more widely protected than before and there is no sign that their worst enemies, the gulls, ibis and sharks are multiplying in number or advancing in polemical skill. Probably their own weaker vessels, especially those with a bad moulting ancestry, are being weeded out by the laws of heredity. Like pigeons, mice and lemmings, they probably undergo some law of periodicity to which we have not yet the key. This tale of a penguin island illustrates a score of problems; but when all is said its charm is the drama belonging to the particular episodes—humorous, quaint, pathetic, significant. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Kearton has his excuse for the perpetual comparison with man. A bird that can stand starving for six days, and again for five more by the tomb of his mate and the wreck of his home is not less but more than human.

W. BEACH THOMAS

CLIMBING THE HIMALAYAS

The Kangchenjunga Adventure. By F. S. Smythe. Gollancz. 16s.

THIS splendid volume is a worthy record of a great feat of mountaineering. Next to Everest, Mount Kangchenjunga is the most formidable of the Himalaya giants, beside whom the highest of the Alps are mere pigmies; and though, owing to the fall of almost continual avalanches across their path, this expedition failed to reach the summit of that inimical peak, some of its members succeeded in climbing a neighbouring and scarcely less difficult height. Of their quality it is sufficient to say that Mr. Smythe remarks quietly that the real difficulties of mountaineering only begin after 24,000 feet up.

The man who is, in his opinion, best fitted for these great tasks appears to be one who acclimatizes rather slowly to changes of height, and whose foot and heart form a perfectly combined rhythm, "ohne hast und (almost) ohne rast." Hurry only exhausts; at a great height it is truer even than on the plain that more haste is less speed. The long steady pull, aided by a pinch of oxygen to give zip when near the top, is what does it, according to the author. Who is there to contradict him?

But is that really all that goes to make the great mountaineer? A psychologist would say that faith counts as well as works; and it is at least significant that Mr. Smythe, like Sir Martin Conway, has a touch of the mystic in him. Listen to this:

I sat down, ate my lunch, and afterwards inhaled a contemplative cigarette, lolling among the dwarf rhododendrons, with my back fitting comfortably into a hollow of a rock. For a while I was merely a body clogged with an excellent lunch, gazing with peaceful digestion and bovine appreciation at the landscape. But presently and

unexpectedly the dull pudding of my mind was stirred by the spoon of inspiration. I seemed to become a part of the hillside on which I was resting. I felt very old, and yet eternally young. The hills had been my companions through aeons of time, I had seen them created, raised and fashioned by the forces of the earth. I had seen vegetation clothe them, and snow cloak them, ruin overtake their more fanciful and extravagant constructions. I felt that I had always lived with the hills, and on the hills, and that the hills had treated me kindly. How else could a man be born with the love for hills? There is eternity both ways.

That is the authentic note of the mystic through the ages—Conway on Aconcagua, Hudson, the naturalist, on the Sussex Downs by Birling Gap, and Wordsworth's "Visions of the hills and souls of lonely places." The actual achievements of Smythe and Conway and Hudson would have seemed strange to Richard of St. Victor and St. John of the Cross, but their language would have sounded familiar and understandable enough.

Mr. Smythe has written a prose epic which will be not only a classic in its own field, but a story that will be read with interest and appreciation by many who are never likely to climb anything higher than Hampstead Heath. The illustrations are magnificent, and it is difficult to understand how some, at least, of them were obtained without a broken neck.

A BARRISTER'S FAREWELL

The World, the House, and the Bar. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, Bart. Murray. 12s.

SIR ELLIS HUME-WILLIAMS is famous for his "Society" cases, but those who turn to his book for luscious accounts of such trials will be healthily disappointed. The book is very discreet, even too discreet. There seems no object, for instance, in not giving Sir Warden Chilcott's name when Sir Ellis on pages 176-7 comments severely upon his presence with the British Mission at the War Criminal Trials at Leipzig; the name is given in Mr. Claud Mullins's book 'The Leipzig Trials.' Not only were members of the British Mission surprised at Sir Warden's presence, but the German authorities, it was freely stated at the time, were even more perplexed. No explanation of the mystery has yet been given and Sir Ellis gives none.

Until the autobiographer gets to the Great War his book is dull. Much of it reads like the Annual Register or a description of contemporary events in *The Times*. Some of it is not particularly accurate; surely, to describe Mr. Balfour's resignation of 1911 as due to his health is excessive politeness to the Unionist Party of the day. But in describing his war-work Sir Ellis seems more at home, almost as much at home as in his famous letters to *The Times* about the Southern Railway and cross-Channel services, letters which are reprinted in this book. In his modest and good-tempered references to the failure of his own legal ambitions Sir Ellis is a model, and one is left with the conviction that, though the prize of being a Law Officer was denied him, he found consolation in success as a private practitioner.

The book contains many shrewd comments on some defects in our laws (Divorce laws in particular), but on the whole Sir Ellis seems content with the way things are done in our courts of law. Happy man! He seems content with trial by jury in civil cases, the form of trial that has been largely the cause of the appalling cost of civil litigation. He says that "poor persons" can "bring their cases to court without expense to themselves." Has he ever fought a "poor persons"

case and experienced what the necessary evidence under our present system costs? And has he ever thought of the injustice inevitably fastened upon the opponent of "poor persons" who in any case must pay his or her own costs? He applauds our present methods of appointing judges—in fact most things are well with our courts of law. Why then does a deputation from Chambers of Commerce go in protest to the Lord Chancellor? Why do people pay sandwichmen to walk up and down in front of the Law Courts advertising "Don't Litigate! Arbitrate!"? It will not be long before even the leaders of the Bar are shaken out of this complacency. If lawyers do not reform themselves, the public will first starve them and then reform them drastically. The first process is already in operation.

A TUDOR DUCHESS

A Woman of the Tudor Age. By Lady Cecilie Goff. Murray. 18s.

THE Tudor age for what is described by the irrepressible poetry of to-day as "getting off" was notably early—even the franchise would not yet have been obtained in our own wiser epoch. Katherine, Baroness Willoughby, the "central figure" of a sixteenth-century study by Lady Cecilie Goff, married her guardian, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, when she was only fourteen. A widow at twenty-six, the superintendence of the enormous household then regarded as only fitting to her rank probably weighed on her spirits; there was violence, as well as cost, to be kept down: all things considered, one cannot be surprised at her coalescing in wedlock with her "gentleman-usher."

Katherine's career and personality are set out to us mainly in contemporary documents; here are letters and all kinds of personal records, even household accounts. (And who will say that our groping understandings are not suddenly illuminated by such an entry as this: "To a skottishe man with one eie, which helped in the stables six daies, 6s.") It is interesting to note that Katherine escaped both being married by Henry VIII and being burned by Gardiner. Henry, by the way, is more softly treated in the course of Lady Cecilie's "asides" than might be thought appropriate for the sanguinary scion of the two royal Roses. At that point in the chronicle which brings us to the eve of the slaughter of Katherine Howard, we read: "In spite of his many failings, it is impossible not to feel a certain sympathy for Henry."

Henry's failings, it seems to us, had kinship with those of the Dyaks of Borneo; apart, that is, from any similar exercise of craftsmanship in the disposal of the victims' remains. Queen Mary, too, escapes comparatively easily. If she put to death the child, her cousin Lady Jane Grey, she was "most gracious to the survivors." Without wishing to press harshly on the memory of the miserable woman in whose term of power England was singed by the Spanish Inquisition, it is always a matter for wonder that the daughter of Katherine of Aragon should have been able to effect that sweet sacrifice on Tower Hill with comparatively few groans from posterity while Anne Boleyn's "bastard" has been set eternally in sackcloth and ashes for having made the same end of an infinitely more dangerous enemy at Fotheringay. And, while we have her under discussion, let it be noted that the great Queen is not made to figure to advantage in the present pages. All that may be, however small the circumstance, is chronicled to her discredit. Why is it that usually something by way of an apology is made when a brick is heaved at "Bloody Mary," while any number of verbal boulders may tumble gracelessly about the red wig which covered the finest brain that has ever directed English fortunes?

The narrative, which has a certain solidity and slowness not out of keeping with the times which form its setting, presents a hundred points of interest to those who are trying to reconquer the past. Anne of Cleves at Rochester, as a bride, looking cheerily out of a window at a bull being baited—the women in the Isle of Wight who during a French invasion "fought and shot their arrows so swiftly that they did incredible hurt"—the three shillings put down among the expenses of the year 1563 for "brown paper to stop crenies in the chambers, her Grace being sycke"—Lady Lisle's thoughtful present of a "toothpicker" which "has been mine these seven years"—the twenty-four East Anglian shoemakers who "would have made a confederation amongst their craft, how much money they would have for sewing a dozen shoes"—all these are bits of knowledge of the kind which affords us a delicious sense of power in any conversational casting-back over the period. One statement of immense importance is advanced by the author (or, as she modestly styles herself, editor) and we could wish that it were widely appreciated. Anne Askew, "the first person to be tortured in England for conscience' sake," is "also, one is glad to think, the only woman that was ever tortured in this country." One gives a thought to the horrors which, across the channel, were the lot of Brinvilliers, for instance, over a century later; and the envious gapings of Rousseau, Voltaire, de Staël and others at the enlightenment and freedom which, comparatively speaking, obtained on the inner side of Dover's white cliffs, come understandably into the picture.

This volume, which is of neat size and handsome appearance, is well written and full of information, painstakingly put out. We would advise that it be added promptly to any library with pretensions to satisfying that historical curiosity which seems to be such a marked characteristic of the present day.

EILEEN HEWITT

TITANS IN LILLIPUT

Three Titans. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. Putnams. 15s.

A FAMOUS and surviving Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW once remarked that "successful men are never so great as they are made out to be: it's like judging a man by his shadow." Herr Ludwig is a very successful man, and the consequence is that any criticism of his work is now liable to be misinterpreted. Critical applause, which he has won as abundantly as popularity, produces critical reaction, and this reaction is often so unfair to a famous writer's merits that the very passages that made him famous are apt to be severely condemned: for no better reason than that people are tired of hearing them quoted. Three examples of this have struck me so often that I venture to refer to them in the hope of forestalling the notion that my criticism of Herr Ludwig is reactionary in this particularly odious sense. One often hears it said that the familiar passage about Mona Lisa in Pater's essay upon Leonardo da Vinci is the worst passage in Pater's prose; that Ernest Dowson's poem 'Non sum qualis eram' is bad poetry. If there is any competent reader alive, unfamiliar with either fragment, who will read the paragraph and the poem for the first time, I am certain that he will agree with neither verdict, but will explain both as only reactions from writings that people are tired of hearing praised. If this be true, then writers come to suffer for their readers' whims and have to pay an unfair penalty for the caprice that is a part of popularity. The most notorious instance of this unfairness is the song in 'Pippa Passes.' That couplet (from which we instinctively shrink) about God in His heaven has, in its context, no philosophic implication at all. It is merely the issue of feeling from the heart of a young girl on a sunny morning. So true to that mood and moment is the song that it immediately became everybody's classic, and thus the consequence has been that its very virtue, recalled in isolation, has done more harm to Robert Browning's critical esteem than any other line that he wrote.

No demur to Herr Ludwig's reputation rests upon any particular passage. It concerns his choice of subject, the quantity of his translated work, and the quality of his average level. He has written books upon Napoleon, Bismarck, Goethe, Lincoln, the ex-Kaiser, and now (though, in point of time, not lastly) the trio of essays on Michelangelo, Rembrandt and Beethoven—the 'Three Titans' of his present book. These are all magnipotent themes, to one of which alone a lifetime, without exhausting the fruits of reflection and of scholarship, could be devoted. Plainly, such an elephantine taste in biography cannot be the scholar's; it places Herr Ludwig definitely in the admired, but less distinguished, class of those who popularize the fruits of more exact research. But, if we do not apply the scholar's test to him, we need not advance the criticism that he is terribly at ease in Zion. His popularity must depend on the sympathy and skill with which he has briefly treated the fruits of more devoted labour, and his value upon the degree to which his work reflects a profounder criticism than his own. Does he belong to the class of writers who correspond among painters to Gustave Doré—the painter whose preference for "titanic" themes was very popular in the middle of the nineteenth century? Doré's picture of 'Christ in the Prætorium' used to be the subject of an engraving that was very popular in dentists' consulting-rooms twenty years ago. He illustrated the 'Inferno' and 'Don

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Quixote,' 'Paradise Lost,' the Bible, and Balzac's 'Contes Drolatiques'! He was the popular rhetorician of historical painting, of the same breed as Haydon, with a preference for subjects beyond his facile grasp. This type of mind has always been congenial to Germany, from the days of Klopstock to the present time, and such French artists as Doré and Gustave Moreau are Gallic equivalents to it.

Nothing profound ever falls from the pen of Herr Ludwig. You do not learn from him anything not to be learnt already from, say, J. A. Symonds's 'Life of Michelangelo,' Bell's 'Rembrandt' or Sayers's 'Beethoven.' Instead, you have in the compass of a hundred pages apiece, short, lively, and dramatic studies of the lives of the three titans, with such obvious reflections as the most characteristic of their works suggest. It is to his liveliness, his brevity, and to his equal freedom from subtlety and from error that Herr Ludwig owes his popularity, at all events in his English dress. Though Miss Mayne is herself an original writer, and therefore superior to the person who can merely construe a foreign tongue, her version of the 'Three Titans' suggests that the German has lost something in its English dress. With due allowance for this wastage, the three essays leave no doubt that Herr Ludwig has rather competently met a popular demand for little essays upon big subjects than produced valuable original work.

For ourselves we do not believe in popular versions of the unpopular, for there is no evidence to prove that readers who wish for a smattering ever proceed to the original source. There are no short cuts to education, no substitutes for personal labour and for honest pains. Herr Ludwig is a superlative journeyman of letters, but his popularity is no indication of the value of his studies. He has satisfied a quantitative demand, and quantity and quality are almost always in an inverse ratio to one another. If he had failed of an initial success, there would have been no chance of his rescue from oblivion.

OSBERT BURDETT

THE CONCHIE

The Soul of a Skunk. The Autobiography of a Conscientious Objector. By George Baker. Partridge. 7s. 6d.

IN spite of much cheap blasphemy and a somewhat misleading title, the autobiography of Mr. Baker is a readable and even remarkable book. With candour he sets out those social and economic experiences which turned him into a conscientious objector. They are not very convincing. When a small boy the gamekeeper of the Duke of Norfolk wantonly upset his basket of blackberries. The incident is recorded as a definite milestone on his joyless pilgrimage to Wormwood Scrubs. Clearly it would be ridiculous to fight for a country which permitted such callous conduct toward a juvenile trespasser. That is, it seems to me, the logic of his position. Blackberries, however, were not the only trouble. "Tremendous trifles, darned blue trousers, the lack of flannels, the inability to buy books, served to make me a man and not an ape in 1914, a man and not a sheep in 1916." They did more; they have left him something of a prig in 1930, though to do him justice his very priggishness has a certain unpleasing honesty about it. A prig who pleads guilty is already some distance on the road towards salvation. He was certainly neither a hypocrite nor a coward. Having been awarded non-combatant service by his tribunal, he was reasonably certain of physical safety for the duration of the war. He had at the time no religion and a supreme contempt for the apes and "Bandar-log" who differed from him and had in civil life employed him. So tender was authority towards

his eclectic conscience, that he was not even asked to load munitions. A less honest and courageous man would have let well alone and performed his allotted task of making holes in the ground and filling them up again. Such a man would even have put up with the company, confessedly uncongenial, of his brother non-combatants. Not so Mr. Baker. His gadfly of a conscience was at him again. At its bidding he endured two substantial terms of hard labour in the belief that he was making future wars more difficult. He acquired a sound knowledge of the Oxford Book of English Verse. Slateful by slateful he composed (and erased) a novel about whose merits he has no illusions. He was cold and hungry; he badly wanted an orange on Christmas Day; finally he returned to his normal, and quite unappreciative, family circle, a convinced prison-reformer.

The book ends on a note of proud paternity. His son will find in it intimations of a future of which Mr. Baker has no knowledge. We have said that its title is misleading. Skunks do not write thus or have twenty-five copies of their first edition bound in buckram, numbered and signed by the author. Mr. Baker does not consider himself a skunk. He modestly compares his services in the cause of peace with those of Robert Graves and Siegfried Sassoon.

One is, however, left wondering how much of this book would have been written had its author been at Charterhouse and hazarded his hot youth as a "Fox-hunting man." How much of it is due to the straitened circumstances of his upbringing and the savage rancour against society as then and now organized which they engendered, Freud or Jung could tell us. From them perhaps we should learn how the Sussex gamekeeper, on that disappointing autumn day, builded better than he knew.

RAGLAN SOMERSET

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PINDAR

The Works of Pindar. Translated with Literary and Critical Commentaries. By Lewis R. Farnell. Vol. I. Translation with Literary Comments. Macmillan. 18s.

ENGLISH scholars have not of late paid much attention to Pindar, and this edition has distinct attractions. Dr. Farnell has had the good sense to see that verse, however brilliant, goes some way from Pindar's text and characteristic manner. His prose of a Biblical sort reads well and is justified on the ground that Pindar "composed in a language . . . already archaic for his contemporaries." Many years since Dr. Page, in his edition of Horace, added literary criticisms to each of the Odes, but we remember no other example of the comments which add much to the value of Dr. Farnell's edition. The time has gone by when scholars can jealously mount guard over their classics, like a Londoner keeping a suspicious eye on his luggage at a crowded railway station. The pedantries of Greek grammar and usage are not enough. English, a great language, has claims, and if Greek words on their voyage to our shores suffer a sea-change into something poor and strange, it cannot be helped. Dr. Farnell, however, insists on thorough reform. He thinks "Ajax" an ugly word, but it was good enough for Shakespeare. He allows himself "Phœbus" on p. 28, but gets to "Phoibos" on p. 48; he writes "Delphoi," though he must know that "Delphi" is by this time sufficiently naturalized in English and, indeed, uses it himself in the biography at the end. Who ever abused Tennyson for calling his poem 'Ulysses' instead of 'Odusseus' or 'Odysseus'?

Pindar makes great play with mythology and sometimes it is difficult to discover the relevance of his divagations. Here Dr. Farnell is an expert, and we may be sure that with his great knowledge of Greek cults he tells us all that can be said or conjectured. Evidently, Pindar's grand manner was better suited to gods and histories of heroes than to the personal gossip about athletes which our Press eagerly reproduces, though Greek ideas to-day are vulgarized by the description of a horse-race as "the coming Marathon." Who, nowadays, writes an Ode to Don Bradman or Hobbs? "If our successful athletes had heroic ancestors or came from localities that rejoiced in great heroic legend, if they contended in the precincts of Westminster Abbey," says Dr. Farnell, things might be different. Oddly enough, the Abbey does contain the grave-stone of John Broughton, a famous prize-fighter whose biceps was the model for a modern Greek statue. But there is a line missing in the inscription, where the Dean would not allow the words, "Twice Champion of England." A professional and Pan-Hellenic poet, able to celebrate an eclipse of the sun and the temple prostitutes of Corinth as well as more usual themes, Pindar was awkwardly situated in Boeotia, which was pro-Persian in the time of the great war. Polybius says that a short passage of his on peace refers to the "Persian question." Dr. Farnell, however, denies the allusion. We must wait till the second volume to get reasons for various renderings and decisions—the rejection, for instance, of the idea that Pindar abused Simonides and Bacchylides in the Second Olympian. A poet who makes a living by writing is naturally jealous of competitors, and one not very pleasant trait in Pindar is his assertion of his own merits. For the student of Greek religion the most interesting thing about him is the Orphic view which led to his famous and beautiful pictures of the after-life. Dr. Farnell tells us that Orphism grew out of the Dionysiac religion. It is also possible that it was an independent belief and took shelter under the

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similar rites of Dionysus. Pindar himself admits that he needs an interpreter. The English version gets over one difficulty, his habit of scattering words anywhere about a sentence. This inversion is presumably due to metrical requirements, and perhaps Dr. Farnell will deal with it and other points of style in his second volume. In the 'Life and Work' at the end of this part he has said something on Pindar's manner, but he does not notice his claim to originality, his invention of dactylic words, or that eye for colour which appears charmingly in the child Iamus hidden among pansies yellow and purple.

The reference to Gray might be supplemented by others such as Gibbon's Greek quotation in his classic biography of the cock who won because he would not stay at home. Both the scholar and the ordinary man gain by knowing what has been said by readers in English. Froude, on his travels, paid an admirable tribute to Pindar as "a spiritual bath after the squalor of Cape politics." The "Pindaric" verse of the past in English has not survived. It was not worthy of the old Theban strain, but if our poets can nourish themselves on the freedom and fire of the real Pindar, they may yet add to the noble achievements of the English Ode.

VERNON RENDALL

JAMES JOYCE AGAIN

Anna Livia Plurabelle, Fragment of 'Work in Progress.' By James Joyce. Faber and Faber. 1s.

SHE is the river of rivers, the river of life with all her tributaries, yet nothing more than the Dublin Liffey; she is one of the two chief composite characters in Mr. Joyce's famous 'Work in Progress'; she is (and for this information I am indebted to the disciples of Joyce who combine to explain him in 'Our Exaggeration Round His Factification For Incamination of Work in Progress,' a book happily more lucid than its title) Eve, Josephine, Isolde, Aimée Macpherson, each and all of the women, heroic and commonplace, who appear on the scene. She is contrasted with H. C. Earwicker, H. C. E., or Here Comes Everyone, the mountain, the composite male hero, Adam, Abraham, Isaac, Noah, Napoleon, St. Patrick, the Archangel Michael, and many others.

Beneath all Mr. Joyce's new work (which his disciples say is the peak to which 'Dubliners,' 'A Portrait of the Artist,' and 'Ulysses' climb by logical steps) lies, I am told, the historical philosophy of Vico, the theory of a circular progression of societies rising Phoenix-like from each other's ashes. 'Work in Progress,' it is claimed, is a realization of Vico, a recreation of the world. In short, a colossal structure which needs for its success a colossal constructive imagination. That Mr. Joyce possesses such an imagination we know from 'Ulysses.'

To discover how far this is true, it is necessary first to read all those portions of the 'Work' which have appeared in *Transition* which I have done; and then to have acquired a knowledge and understanding of Vico's 'Scienza Nuova,' which, I suspect, very few of Mr. Joyce's readers have done. To estimate the total success of Mr. Joyce's creation, we must wait anyway until his cycle is complete.

In this fragment all that can be done is to get a glimpse of Mr. Joyce's method and new language, or as a disciple more accurately calls it, his "constructive metabolism of the primary matter of language"; the germ of this also comes from Vico, for the ideal history demanded an ideal language, or synthesis of all languages, which with limitations is exactly what Joyce has set out to provide. 'Anna Livia Plurabelle' is only an episode; it is the conversation, crude and vigorous and colloquial, beginning with the title of this review, of two washerwomen at work on the banks of the Liffey. They describe Anna Livia and their talk represents the

flowing of the river. Mr. Joyce's synthesis of tongues, with its neologisms, and new associations, its puns and puzzles, is simpler here than usual. The most obvious quotation to make is the last ten or twelve lines, which are lines of drowsiness merging into night and sleep as the two washerwomen merge into an elm tree and a stone:

Can't hear the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flittering bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome? What Tom Malone? Can't hear with the bawk of bats, all the liffeying waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos. I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughtersons. Dark hawks near us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were Shem and Shaun the living sons and daughters of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!

Read as Mr. Joyce intends them to be (and Joyce himself has recorded his reading of the last four pages on a double-sided gramophone record) these lines are efficient and beautiful, but no more so than many others in this thirty-two page fragment, into which, incidentally, are woven the names of many rivers, including the rivers of hell and heaven, all of them Anna Livia's tributaries.

I admit that Mr. Joyce's new language is unique and revolutionary, and puzzling in its implications (two and a half pages reprinted in 'Our Exaggeration' are given nearly seven pages of textual commentary), but I cannot see any reason in that for joining in the chorus of Mr. Joyce's dithering detractors. To say, as I hear it frequently said even by intelligent people, that the latest product of the mind which produced 'Ulysses' is nothing but the drunken dribbling of a lunatic, seems to me prejudice and lazy self-satisfaction.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Happy Flame: A Book of Sonnets. By Adrian Bury. Grant Richards. 4s.

IF in the 'sixties of the twenty-third century, all that is remembered of the work of Adrian Bury is comprised in this little book of sonnets, and all that is then known of his life is that having amassed a comfortable fortune in the pursuit of art he left the lady of the sonnets his second-best bed, it will no doubt be conjectured that Berry, or Bury, was a great lover and a great hater; unless—which, of course, the unspeakable pundits of that age will prefer to believe—the name Bury or Berry is an anagrammatic cypher concealing yet revealing the name of the Master of the Rolls, in which case the sonnets may mean almost anything. That, however, is by the way.

The point is that in conjecturing their survival into the twenty-third century we are judging them worthy of such longevity, as indeed they are. It is pleasant to find a young poet with a feeling for the austerer forms, and with sufficient of the real fire to give them life. We have called Mr. Bury a great lover and a great hater. His love sonnets, however, good as they are, may not, perhaps, challenge the very highest; but he has one hate sonnet, 'Culpa Sua,' which for concentrated bitterness and cold invective must surely stand alone. We all know the man he means, or one like him, and he has spoken our thought as only a poet can.

A History of Spanish Civilization. By Rafael Altamira. Constable. 21s.

THIS is an abridged translation in one volume of Professor Altamira's well-known 'Historia de España y de la Civilización Española,' and in it the story of Spain has been carried down to 1914. The illustrations deserve special mention, as also does the bibliography, but the book as a whole is definitely an encyclopædia rather than a readable work. To some extent the same criticism applies to the Spanish edition, but it is naturally even more applicable to this abridgment. Professor Altamira's learning is prodigious, and there is no side of Spanish life that is ignored. Between the covers of this book the reader can trace that conflict between extreme individualism and abject submission to authority which is always being waged in the national soul, and which has had such an influence upon the history of the Peninsula. The realism, too, of the Spanish character is well brought out, particularly in its relation to literature and art. The visitor to Spain will not find this book light reading for the train or boat, but he will make a great mistake if he does not put it in his trunk.

Studies in Cromwell's Family Circle and Other Papers. By R. W. Ramsey. Longmans. 9s.

THIS is a collection of papers on various members and connexions of Cromwell's family and on several of the lesser figures of the time who do not appear with much prominence in the ordinary history. On the whole, we do not learn very much from the sidelights on Cromwell himself, but Mr. Ramsey provides a number of facts, which are vouched for by the citation of authorities in the footnotes, about the less important personages whom he deals with directly. The sketches are written in a clear but rather dry manner which does little to bring the figures to life, but they are neither long nor ponderous, and the facts which are given are often interesting in themselves and will prove helpful to students of the period.

The 17th Battalion Royal Fusiliers; 1914-1919. By Everard Wyrall. Methuen. 5s.

THIS is a story of a battalion which earned fame during the Great War. It has a short Preface by Major-General Sir C. E. Pereira. The 17th needed no

conscription. Drawn chiefly from the West End banks, the Stock Exchange, insurance offices, and with a sprinkling of the old South African Light Horse, they had paraded as a unit as early as September, 1914; "a splendid lot and keen as mustard," as Captain Murgatroyd, their first military instructor, noted at the time. Later, an additional company, E, was formed, many of the recruits for which were miners from Derbyshire. On the 17th (the date might well have been noted as an omen) of November, 1915, the battalion sailed for France, there to gain a record which, already in December, 1917, was summed up in a note by Brigadier-General Kellett to its O.C., Colonel Weston: "You (the Battalion) have covered yourself with glory in every action you have taken part in." A map shows the disposition of the British forces, in the Bourlon Wood Cambrai area at the critical moment just above referred to, the date of which was November 20, 1917. The book is of vivid interest and merits a much fuller index.

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2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon. Its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
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4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 453

Last of our Thirty-third Quarter

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, December 4)

"HERMIT OF WALDEN"—NATURE WAS HIS THEME.
RIGHT WELL HE KNEW THIS GENTLY-FLOWING STREAM,
WHOSE PICKEREL, SWIFTEST, WARIEST OF FISHES,
AND HUNGRIEST, GLEAMED OFTEN ON HIS DISHES.

1. Clip at each end Belinda's shaggy pet.
2. And NAVAL HERO well remembered yet.
3. Behead the weary wanderer's happy haven.
4. Reverse a harsh-voiced creature: frog or raven.
5. Famed for its braes. The final letter lop.
6. Relieves us now and then to let one drop.
7. More pitiless than rugged Russian bear.
8. With twice as many corners as a square.
9. One-half of city famed for lady's ride.
10. A northern river—only what's inside.
11. Thin, but he wouldn't for the world be fatter.
12. Like well-primed speaker, very full of matter.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 451

OF LONDON'S LUNGS IN MIDDLESEX AND SURREY
THESE TWO TO FIND, OUR SOLVERS NOW MUST HURRY.

1. Quiver—no full one; lop the tax away.
2. Tail-end of what makes autumn gardens gay.
3. With this fair ladies once adorned their faces.
4. Poor darkie, gone to join the vanished races!
5. Act of respect to one of higher rank.
6. My own include a balance at the bank.
7. "Hostile?" It is; reduce it by one-fourth.
8. Behead a fruit uncommon in the North.
9. Seen but in waking visions of the night.
10. This Light's esteemed, and why? Because it's light.
11. So printers please to call the right-hand page.
12. May be a mouser when it comes of age.

Solution of Acrostic No. 451

V	i	Brate
dahl		A
C	ourt-plaste	R
T	asmania	N
O	beisanc	E
R	esource	S
I	nimi	Cal
mA	ng	O
P	hanto	M
A	luminii	M
R	ect	O
K	itte	N

ACROSTIC No. 451.—The winner is "Madge," Miss Addison-Scott, 12a Elsham Road, W.14, who has selected as her prize 'Kaiser and Chancellor,' by Frederick Nowak, published by Putnam and reviewed by us on November 15 under the title 'The Kaiser's Last Card.' Seven other competitors named this book, sixteen chose 'The Fourth Seal,' eight 'Since Then,' seven 'The Philosophy of the Good Life,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Carlton, Farsdon, Fossil, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, Met, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Shrub, St. Ives, Tyro.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, Armadale, Barberry, Bolo, Boote, Boris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, Clam, Dhualt, D. L., Estela, Gay, T. Hartland, Iago, Mrs. Lole, Mango, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Rabbits, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Thotmes, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. R. Alvarez, Glamis, M. Milne, F. M. Petty, Polamar, Stucco. All others more.

Light 3 baffled 22 solvers; Light 6, 14; Light 4, 10; Light 10, 4; Light 2, 3; Light 11, 2; Lights 1 and 7, 1.

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ON September 26th a new weekly paper was started in London—BUSINESS NEWS. It is published at Ludgate House, Fleet Street, E.C.4. It is a 20-page paper, 3d. per copy.

Why has this paper been started? Because most of our daily papers print not enough business news.

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It is a good, useful paper. I hope it will eventually develop into a daily. We business men need a daily paper of our own.

SOMEONE must tell the truth about the "Imperial Conference" now going on in London.

Here is a Conference that is to decide how the British Empire can become more prosperous, and who are the members of it?

AS BUSINESS NEWS points out, sixteen of them are lawyers, and political lawyers at that. Three are Trade Union organizers. Three are Civil Service men. Two are Lecturers on Economics. And there is a journalist, a school-master, a broker, and a Prince.

NOT ONE COMPETENT BUSINESS MAN IN THE WHOLE CONFERENCE! And its purpose, so we are told, is to promote business!

When will this tomfoolery end? This Conference couldn't make a success of a tripe shop. How can it handle the affairs of the British Empire?

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ADDRESS

(FOR NEW READERS ONLY)

S.R.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

HOLDERS of Russian bonds must be growing weary at the endless delay that is being experienced in the negotiations which are said to be proceeding to deal with this question. The British experts on the Anglo-Soviet Debt Committee were appointed some months ago, and still there is nothing for them to do, such discussions as have taken place merely dealing with procedure and classifications of debts. It would appear that the serious work of the Committee is being deliberately postponed for as long a period as possible. Meanwhile, however, it is significant to note that the extension of export credit facilities to Soviet Russia is being hastened. Every month the amount of our Government guarantees is growing. Machinery and all kinds of industrial plant are being delivered to Russia under the Export Credit Scheme, and yet not one practical step has been taken towards a settlement of the question of old debts and claims. From the Soviet point of view, one can well understand this attitude of playing with time, but it is surely inexplicable that our authorities allow the present state of affairs to continue. The whole Russian question is a delicate and difficult one, and it is lamentable that it arises at a time when the administration of this country is in the hands of a Government who either do not appreciate the menace, or, if they do, apparently are not prepared to take any definite action to stop it. The economic war which the Soviet is carrying on against this country through dumping, if allowed to continue unchecked, is likely to prove as deadly as the great wars of the past. It is incredible that the various trade unions do not appreciate the dangers it involves for their members and have not insisted on a firm stand being taken. Week after week evidence is provided of this Russian dumping menace having broken out in fresh directions, and industry after industry in this country is likely to materially suffer if the menace continues unchecked. Other countries are not tolerating this procedure, the latest evidence of which is supplied by news that the United States Treasury are taking steps to exclude Russian exports from their country.

TOWN INVESTMENTS

The report of Town Investments Limited for the year ended September 29, recently issued, makes interesting reading. The net profits of the company show a decrease at £48,026, but this is satisfactorily explained in the report, as the chairman points out that during the year covered by the accounts the policy of the directors has been materially influenced by important developments in the southern portion of Mayfair. Large sums have been invested in this area in the purchase of properties, with vacant possession, considered suitable for profitable rebuilding or conversion. No revenue has been received from these investments and, it is explained, this is reflected in the reduction of net earnings. A number of these properties, however, have been finally dealt with subsequent to the date of the balance sheet, with the result that shareholders are informed that the company's position and finance have been exceptionally strengthened and permanently improved. It has been an open secret that Town Investments have recently completed a very

advantageous deal of considerable importance, and in drawing attention to this report it is suggested that the £1 ordinary shares of the company should prove a thoroughly sound lock-up investment which, in due course, should show satisfactory capital appreciation.

INTERNATIONAL TEA STORES

Shareholders in the International Tea Stores have been officially notified by their directors that serious differences have arisen since the merger was presented to them in July last regarding the policy of the future management of the new company, Allied Stores Limited. The directors considered that from the International Tea Company's point of view the elements essential for the success of the merger would be lacking unless certain changes were made in the original scheme. Negotiations have taken place to compose these differences, but they have not resulted in agreement acceptable to the two groups. In these circumstances, the directors of International Tea Stores do not propose to proceed with the merger unless further authority is given by a representative majority of shareholders. Shareholders are invited to record their views, and as it is unthinkable that they will ignore the opinions of their directors, one can assume that the merger, as far as this company is concerned, will not materialize. It is suggested, however, that this should cause no easiness, either to shareholders in the International Tea Stores or in those of the Home and Colonial and Maypole Dairy companies, which were also to have participated. Ever since the merger terms were announced, the prices of all these shares have depreciated considerably, and, as it is suggested that this depreciation was not justified, there appears no reason why the shares of the various companies concerned should not, in due course at all events, recover to the levels from which they have fallen. Fortunately, the fact that the merger has had to be abandoned has not prevented the friendly trading arrangements, which existed between the various groups concerned in the past, continuing; in fact, in the circular signed by the chairman of the International Tea Stores, the wish is expressed that from the experience gained during the past six months these friendly arrangements will be extended, and thus benefit all the companies concerned.

HANTS AND DORSET MOTOR SERVICES

Those seeking an attractive preference share should not overlook the recently issued 6½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each of the Hants and Dorset Motor Services Limited. The profits of this company have expanded materially during recent years, those for the year ended March 31 last amounting to £74,713, which, it will be seen, covers the requirements of these 6½ per cent. preference shares, of which only 150,000 are issued, many times over. Behind these preference shares there are 200,000 ordinary shares, which have received dividends of 10 per cent. for the past four years. In addition, last year a cash bonus of 2½ per cent. was distributed. At the present price, which is in the neighbourhood of 21s., these preference shares appear an attractive investment.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the Annual General Meeting of Timothy Whites (1928) Ltd.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds £38,992,900. Total Income £10,614,500
 LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street

Company Meeting

TIMOTHY WHITES (1928) LIMITED

The Annual General Meeting of Timothy Whites (1928) Ltd., was held on Thursday last at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, London, S.W.

Mr. Philip E. Hill, the chairman of the company, who presided, said: Ladies and gentlemen, the actual difference in trading profits for the twelve months is £2,247. As mentioned in the directors' report, this is more than accounted for by seasonal influences—a mild winter free of epidemics and an unusually wet summer. It is only reasonable to assume, however, that had we been trading in normal times, our profits would have been materially increased.

When the company acquired this business in 1928, we owned 105 branches. These have been increased to 112 in 1929, to 127 in 1930, and in 1931, when we have completed our present programme, we shall own and operate 144. In addition to these, in 1929 we acquired the share capital of Hopes Limited, hardware merchants, who owned 32 branches. There has been no extension of Hopes, so that at the end of the coming year the total number of shops owned by the company will be 176. You will realize that the equipping and opening of this number of shops has entailed a great deal of work and expense. It is, I think, reasonable to assume that under normal conditions 27 of our new branches will have reached profit-earning capacity by the end of 1932 and the balance by the end of 1933. Under existing conditions, however, it would be more than foolish to hazard any opinion as to next year's results.

In the past, we have earned a profit of about £1,500 per branch. As many of our new shops are much larger, in the future these profits should be increased. Taking our 144 branches at £1,500 per shop, without taking into consideration any profit of the Hopes business—which in the past has been substantial—we have a figure of £216,000, and none of us will be satisfied until at least this figure has been reached.

The deferred shareholders—of whom by far the largest are the directors themselves—will, I hope, be satisfied with a reasonable dividend during the period of expansion and the exceptional conditions prevailing. On a return to normal conditions, I am a firm believer in the future prosperity of our business. Wherever we put up the name of "Timothy Whites" we are certain to make a reasonable profit, as the public appreciate that we always give them good value for money.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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THE XMAS NUMBER

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 6th, 1930

Contributors:

The Hon. Quintin Hogg
Rev. J. C. Hardwick
Hector Bolitho
Vera Brittain

Sir Charles Petrie
Osbert Burdett
Daphne Du Maurier
Shane Leslie

AMONGST OTHERS

Competitions:

LITERARY : ACROSTIC : CROSS WORD

Result of Competition No. 1—Short Story—appears in this Issue

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NOTICE

The Ninth of the Series of Competitions appears in this issue of the Saturday Review, see page 705.

No. 4. POEM. Closing date, December 8.

No. 5. ESSAY. Closing date, December 15.

No. 6. ESSAY. Closing date, December 22 for home entries.

No. 7. THREE ESSAYS. Closing date, December 29.

No. 8. ONE-ACT PLAY. Closing date, January 19.

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